









craig, James,

Spiritual Life.

POEMS

ON SEVERAL

Divine Subjects,

Relating both to the

Inward EXPERIENCE

A N D

Outward PRACTICE

OF

CHRISTIANITY.

If any Man be in Christ he is a new Creature.

2 Cor. v. 17.

*If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the
Spirit.* Gal. v. 25.



E D I N B U R G H:
Printed by Mr. JAMES DAVIDSON and COM-
PANY, and sold by the said Mr. Davidson,
and other Booksellers in Town. 1727.

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TO THE
Most NOBLE LADY,
S U S A N
Lady MARCHIONESS OF
T W E E D A L E
MADAM,



OST of the following
Poems were written,
whilst I had the Ho-
nour to live near Your
Ladyship, in a Place
that has all those Advantages, that
are

The Dedication.

are thought to have an Influence on the Mind to dispose it to an Amusement of this Kind ; so that You have a just Title to them on that Score. But the Encouragement I received from Your Ladyship, and the Noble Family, (to which You are so great a Blessing and Ornament) in the proper and more important Business of my Station, lays me under much stronger Obligations to take this Opportunity of expressing the grateful Sense and Remembrance I still have thereof.

I know Your Ladyship better than to think I should please You, by publishing here even a just Commendation of your Virtues.
But

The Dedication.

But I cannot forbear saying, that Your High Birth and Quality (tho the first in the Nation) make not the most excellent Part of your Character. Your exemplary Piety and Goodness, and exact Discharge of all the Offices of the Christian Life, render You more truly Noble, and make You shine with a much brighter Lustre, than all the Advantages of external Honour and Greatness You are possess'd of.

'TIS, Madam, this Consideration chiefly that makes this little Piece betake itself to Your Protection. It bears the Name of the *Spiritual Life*; and where can it expect to meet with such kind

Re-

The Dedication.

Reception and Entertainment, as
from your Ladyship, who, from
your tender Years, have been so
bright an Instance and Example
of that Life. I am,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obliged,

and most obedient

bumble Servant,

J. C.



P R E F A C E.

TH E following POEMS were all written, at Leisure Hours, for the Author's own private Amusement ; and some of them more than Twenty Years ago. As POESY is not the Business of his Profession, so neither does he publish them now to gain the Name and Reputation of a Poet. That is a Character, which tho' he could merit, he is, for several Reasons, very far from affecting. The true Reason that moved him to it, is the great Scarcity of Performances of this Kind. Were there as many Poems,

Poems, and as well done, on Religious and Divine Subjects, as there are even on trifling and prophane, he never would have been so foolish as to send abroad these Lines to blush among so many better: Nor perhaps had he ever had a Thought of writing one of them. Whilst he could have been furnished with Abundance of better Entertainment from other Hands, he never would have sought for a meaner Satisfaction from any Thing, of this Nature, that he himself could produce. It would then have been a mighty Pleasure to him, to read the Performances of others, adorning the various Subjects of Religion: Nor would he have failed to bless the Names and Memories of those who so much contributed to his Satisfaction.

THERE are indeed some few who have employed their Talents this Way, and at the same Time that they have done good Service to Religion, have gained immortal Honour to themselves: But yet after all, there is still such

such a Scarcity of Divine Poems, notwithstanding the great Variety of Divine Subjects; that a Man, whose Genius leads him to such Kind of Entertainment, must either be soon at an End of it, or content himself with reading the same Things over and over again. Therefore, to afford some little new Supply to the Readers of Divine Poems, is this small Piece sent abroad ; which tho' it be not of the finest Sort, yet, 'tis hop'd, may be agreeable in some Measure for the very Novelty of it. Even a coarse Dish of Meat will please the Palat, not only when a Man is hungry, but when he is cloyed with a much finer Dish too often served up to him.

I shall not here renew the Complaint, that has been so often and justly made, of the criminal Abuse of a Thing so excellent and sacred as Poesy : Nor offer to shew how much better Divine Subjects do become it, than those of any other Nature. That has been done to very good Purpose by others, particularly

cularly the ingenious and pious Mr. *Watts*, in his excellent Preface to his *Horæ Lyricæ*, and others there mentioned ; and therefore I insist not on it.

IN revising the following Poems, and preparing them for the Press, a good many of the same Kind, with those here published, were thrown by ; and of several of these published as many Lines were altered or dashed out, as are retained ; which is one Reason why some of them are so short, and touch their Subjects so imperfectly ; and why in others of them there will, perhaps, appear Gapes in the Connexion ; and why too, a good many of the Lines will be thought more forced and entangled than others. But I was resolved, by all Means, to make the Volume small, that if it should not be thought good, it should not have another Fault of being great.

SUCH as understand the true Propriety of the *English* Language, will, no doubt, observe

serve a great many Phrases, or Ways of speaking that will be called *Scoticisms*, as well as wrong accenting of Words, according to the *English* Pronounciation : But the Candid Reader will be more ready to excuse this Fault, when he his told, that the Author has had no Advantage of knowing the *English* Tongue, but his own Reading, joined with a little Reflexion. Tho' he must be free to say, that there are a good many Words variously accented by the best *English* Poets themselves. And if the Sense be plain, and the Thought (which he has always most studied) be agreeable, he is easy whether the Expression be called *Scots* or *English*.

IN the Poems of heroick Measure, it will readily be objected, that I have trespassed against the great Examples of the Age, in making the Lines so often run into one another, and not ending the Sense with the Couplet. But I cannot help being of the same Opinion with the Reverend Mr. *Watts*, who,

in

in his Preface to his *Horæ Lyricæ*, says, " It
" degrades the Excellency of the best Versifi-
" cation, when the Lines run on by Copu-
" lets Twenty together, just in the same Pace,
" and with the same Pauses. It spoils the
" Nobler Pleasure of the Sound : The Rea-
" der is tired with the tedious Uniformity,
" or charmed to Sleep with the unmanly
" Softness of the Numbers, and the perpetual
" Chime of even Cadencies.

RHYME is reckoned a Fettering of *English* Verse, and why double Fetters should be thought an Excellency I cannot see. I own I am one of those who plead for the Use of Rhyme in *English* Poesy. For, tho' I can read, with a great deal of Pleasure, a good Poem in Blank Verse, yet I think that Rhyme (where the Poem is otherwise good too) has this Advantage, that, besides helping the Memory, it pleases the Ear, and makes some Amends for the Redundancy of Monosyllables in the *English* Tongue, that so often occasion

casion abrupt and harsh Cadences at the End of Lines. In *English Poesy* one will observe that, generally speaking, nine Lines of ten end in Monosyllables; whereas in the whole Works of *Virgil* there are but a few of that Kind to be found. And even these, except where the *Synalæpha* smooths the Sound, have an observable harsh Cadence.

B u t yet, at the same Time, I think, that the Cure should not be extended further than the Disease requires; nor that, instead of taking some Help from Rhyme to gratify the Ear, the Sense should be so confined to it, as not to dare to step the length of a Comma or Colon beyond it.

W H E T H E R this shall be thought a just Criticism I know not, nor am I much concerned. I only deliver it as my own Opinion, and what determined me, at the same Time that I made Use of Rhyme, to allow the Sense or Thought frequently to go beyond

the Copulet. And 'tis plain, that the Ancients observe no such Rule of concluding the Sense with the Copulet, except in the *Elegiacks*, where the Nature of the Verse seems peculiarly to require it: Tho', even in these, there are frequent Exceptions from the Rule. Yea, in the *Sapphicks* of *Horace*, one Stanza is frequently made to run into another.

THOSE of a delicate Taste in Poesy, will find a great many other Faults in the following Poems. Nor indeed are they published with any View or Expectation of being relished by such; especially if the Subjects of them are also disliked by them. They are chiefly designed for the Entertainment of pious and devout Minds, who, if the Thoughts please them, will be ready to excuse the Faults and Defects of the Poesy. And if they cannot be allowed to deserve the Name of Poems, let them pass for pious Meditations in a Poetical Dress, which, tho' it be

be not of the finest Sort, will not, 'tis hop'd, make them less agreeable even to the Generality of those who read Poems.

As for the Criticks; if they shall daign to cast their Eyes on this little Piece, and give themselves the Trouble of pointing out the Faults and Blemishes of it, I tell them before Hand, I shall be even with them, *i. e.* I shall despise what they shall say.. I write neither for Reputation nor Bread, but to minilter, as I have said, to the Satisfaction of serious Christian Readers, into whose Hands this little Book may come. And if that take Effect, I have my End. And even tho' it fail, I can be easy in the Thought of having designed well.

But I shall not detain the Reader, in saying any Thing further touching the following Poems ; they are now printed, and let them take their Fate. But were I to swell this little Volume, with a large and disproportioned Preface, my Business should be to recom-

mend, not the Poems, but the Subject of them, the *Spiritual Life*. Here all the Rhetorick of which I was Master should be displayed. On this Subject I would expatiate with Pleasure; and if my Talent was any better in Prose than *Poesy*, I should not be frightened by the Censure of Want of Proportion and *Decorum*, from making the Preface twice as large as the Volume to which it is prefixed; if by this Means I could, with any Success, recommend to others, what I my self have so high an Esteem of, the *Spiritual Life*. O the Excellency of the *Spiritual Life*! who that knows it by Experience, can speak of it without something of a Rapture!

It is indeed a mysterious and unknown Life to the Generality of Mankind; but not a Whit less real and excellent for all that. The Scepticks may call it *Whim*, *Delusion*, *Fancy*, and what they please; but sure I am, there is more real and solid Pleasure in this Delusion, than in any other Course of Life in
the

the World ; and if it be a Delusion, may I never be awakened out of it, may I never be undeceived.

BUT why Delusion ? Must every Thing be so accounted that some Men do not understand ? What Arrogance is this ? Would he not be laughed at, who knowing nothing of the Principles of the *Mathematicks*, should positively assert, that all the Demonstrations of that *Science* are nothing but Jargon and Nonsense ; because, forsooth, he comprehends them not ? And who that sees the Light will therefore doubt it, because One born blind maintains that there is no such Thing as Light, for this good Reason that he sees it not ? It is long since the holy Apostle *Paul* said, on the justest Grounds, and those not peculiar to his Times, *That the natural Man knows not the Things of the Spirit of God* ; for they are Foolishness unto him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned, *1 Cor. ii. 14.*

xviii P R E F A C E.

If Men give any Credit at all to the holy Scriptures, they must own that there is such a Thing as a Spiritual and Divine Life, which is raised above the Perception of Sense and natural Reason. What is it, that, next to God himself, the holy Scriptures, especially of the New Testament, speak so much of, as the Grace of God ? And what shall we think this Grace of God is ? Shall we say of it as *Brutus* in his sullen Mood said of Virtue, *It is only a Name?* If we attend to the Effects that are ascribed to this Grace of God in the Holy Scriptures, we must own that it is a real, living, active, powerful Principle planted in the Hearts of Christians, by which they have not only a Spiritual Life begun in them in their first Conversion and Regeneration, by which they are said to be *transformed into the Divine Likeness, made new Creatures, Partakers of a Divine Nature;* but are also helped daily to advance in this new and *Spiritual Life,* and to make Progress in Holiness and Goodness towards Perfection. By which Grace

Grace of God they are enabled to perform the Duties of holy Obedience ; to maintain the Exercise of Faith, Love, Hope, Patience, Contentment, Resignation and other Divine Virtues ; to resist the Temptations of Satan, and of the World ; to mortify the Lusts and Passions of their corrupt Natures ; to raise their Affections above earthly Things, to have their Conversation in Heaven, and to partake of a Divine exalted Pleasure in the Performance of their Devotions and spiritual Exercises. And what is the Grace of God; thus ~~administering~~ and exerting itself in the Souls of true Christians, but a *Life*, a Spiritual and Divine *Life*, tho' carnal and unrenewed Men are Strangers to it ? Is not the blessed Spirit of God called the *Comforter* ? But why is that Name given to Him, if he does not administer Divine Comforts unto the Souls of Believers ? And if there be no such Thing as Communion with God, or special, tho' secret Manifestations of the Love and Favour of God bestowed on good Men, what is the Meaning of these Words,

John

XX. P R E F A C E.

John xiv. 21. *He that hath my Commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest my self unto him.* And ver. 23. *If a Man love me, he will keep my Words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our Abode with him.* And *John*. i. Epist. Chap. i. ver. 3.---- *Truly our Fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ.* Was the Apostle Paul beside himself, as *Festus* once alledged he was, or did he not speak forth the Words of Truth and Soberness, in that excellent Saying of his, Gal. ii. 20. *I am crucified with Christ: Nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the Life which I now live in the Flesh, I live by the Faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me?* Agreeable to which is that short, but substantial Account, he gives us both of his own Life, and that of true Christians in his Days, 2 Cor. v. 7. *For we walk by Faith, and not by Sight.*

WERE all these holy Men, and Saints of God under the Power only of a strong Delusion, when they expressed themselves in Terms importing so much of a Divine and Heav'ly Pleasure, in their Approaches to God, and Intercourses with him ? As particularly the Royal Psalmist David, in these Words of his, *Psal. iv. 6, 7.* *There be many that say, Who will show us any Good ? Lord, lift thou up the Light of thy Countenance upon us. Thou hast put Gladness in my Heart, more than in the Time that their Corn and their Wine increased.* And *Psal. lxiii. 3.* -- *Because thy loving Kindness is better than Life : my Lips shall praise thee. Thus will I bless thee while I live : I will lift up my Hands in thy Name. My Soul shall be satisfied as with Marrow and Fatness ; and my Mouth shall praise thee with joyful Lips : When I remember thee upon my Bed, and meditate on thee in the Night Watches. Because thou hast been my Help; therefore in the Shadow of thy Wings will I rejoice. My Soul followeth hard after thee : Thy Right*

xxii PREFACE.

Right Hand upboldeth me. These Seraphick Breathings of pious *Asaph*, *Psal.* lxxiii. v. 23. — Nevertheless, I am continually with thee : Thou hast holden me by my Right Hand. Thou shalt guide me with thy Counsel, and afterward receive me to Glory. Whom have I in Heaven but thee ? And there is none upon Earth that I desire besides thee. My Flesh and my Heart faileth ; but God is the Strength of my Heart, and my Portion for ever. That devout Address of the holy Prophet *Isaiab*; Chap. xxvi. 9. With my Soul have I desired thee in the Night ; yea, with my Spirit within me will I seek thee early. And that Triumph of Faith and Resignation with which the Prophet *Habakkuk* concludes his admirable Song, Chap. iii. 17. Altho' the Figtree shall not blossom, neither shall Fruit be found in the Vines, the Labour of the Olives shall fail, and the Fields shall yield no Meat, the Flock shall be cut off from the Fold, and there shall be no Herd in the Stalls. Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my Salvation.

THESE

THESE Old Testament Saints knew very well what it is to have Communion and Fellowship with God : They were not Strangers to the Life and Power of Godliness, and the exalted Pleasures of the Divine Life.

AND then as to the New Testament Saints, read only what the Apostle Peter says of them with Reference to their Faith and Joy in Christ, 1 Pet. i. 8. *Whom having not seen, ye love ; in whom though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with Joy unspeakable, and full of Glory.* Do not these Words breathe something so sublime, so rapturous and heavenly, as transcends not only the Sense and Experience of carnal and unrenewed Men, but even of ordinary Christians themselves ?

I have insisted on this Subject beyond what I at first intended : And what has helped to it, I own is the Indignation with which I have read the Impious and Blasphemous Expressions that some of late Years have vented

against serious Practical Godliness, or which is the same Thing, the *Spiritual Life*. *Porphyry* and *Celsus*, and their Successors the Scepticks and Infidels of this and the last Age, never vented more impious and bitter Inve~~c~~tives against the SpeculativeMysteries of Christianity, than they have done against the Practical Mysteries thereof. And they are not only the open and protest Enemies of Religion, I here mean, but even some others of a better Character, and otherwise of no small Merit, who have dropt from their Pens, such Things to the Disparagement of serious Godliness, as I would not, for all the World, have charged upon me at the Day of Judg~~m~~ent. *O my Soul come not thou into their Secret, into their Assembly mine Honour be thou not united.*

I have but one Thing further to trouble the Reader with before I conclude, viz. That in the Poem intituled, *The Pleasure of Divine Love*, where I have taken the Liberty to

men-

mention the Names and Writings of some celebrated Poets of the *English* Nation, I have used an Expression with Reference to one of them, *viz.* the last there mentioned; that, perhaps, may sound harsh in the Ears of some Readers. But, I hope it will be enough to obviate this Objection to tell, that it is not the Man (whoever he be) but the *Poet*, I mean. I pray God may grant him Repentance and Forgiveness for what I cannot but reckon a Piece of great Impiety; especially, if it be true, as I am informed, that he is a Clergyman.



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The Reader will be pleased to correct
the following Errors of the Press.

PAge 13. Line 12. for, and twist, read *twisted*, p.
24. l. 9. for quite, r. *quit*. p. 37. l. 1. for I'm, r.
I've, p. 39. l. 3. for 'tis, r. *its*, p. 54. l. 11. for where,
r. were, p. 62. l. 3. for the, r. *these*, p. 81. l. 5. for
they, r. *thy*, p. 143. l. 10. for has, r. *hast*, p. 149. l. 6.
for Imposture, r. *Impostor*, p. 208. l. 2. for with, r. *of*.



Spiritual Life.

Paradise : Or a Wish for Heaven.

I.



I **C**K of this world, and all its toys,
My anxious soul longs to take wing,
In quest of more substantial joys,
And flowing from a purer spring.

II.

O heav'ly country ! beauteous land !

The native seat of bliss sincere :

A

When

Spiritual Life.

When shall I on thy frontier stand,
And say my home, my rest is here ?

I. I. I.

How pure the air ! how sweet the clime !
How soft the endless summer day !
Here no vicissitudes of time,
No carking cares wear life away.

I. V.

Eternal health reigns in these fields
Of light, and love, and smiling joy :
Each glorious scene a pleasure yields,
That might eternity employ.

V.

How fair the fruit, for ever ripe,
That bend the trees on which they grow !
How pure the streams (life's double type)
That from perennial sources flow !

V. I.

What flow'ry banks ! what shady groves !
What labyrinths of art divine !
What images of heav'nly loves,
And beauties, here, unspotted shine !

VII.

O Paradise! O heav'ly rest!
Of pious minds the blest repose;
Where true ambrōsial sweets 'em feast,
And youth more blooming ever grows.

VIII.

Where no disease, nor fretting pain,
Nor envy sour, nor bitter strife,
Nor any sorrows place obtain,
To pall the joys of perfect life.

IX.

Where vain amusements, idle hours,
Impertinence still holding forth,
For ever are shut out of doors;
And nothing dwells but finish'd worth.

X.

Where saints with saints delighted walk,
And angels as companions join;
And, whilst with open hearts they talk,
How wise they grow in things divine!

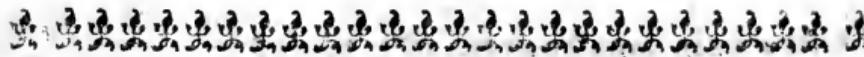
Spiritual Life.

X I.

Where GOD himself keeps royal court;
Where JESUS, lovely JESUS, dwells;
And, as they to his throne resort,
He all his charms to them reveals.

X II.

Oh could my soul, wing'd like a dove,
Take flight, to this fair EDEN bent:
Till I have reach'd these joys above,
I'll ne'er arrive at true content.



The Summary.

In Allusion to P S A L. lxxi. ver. 5, 6.

I.

Y O U ask my history? The sum
Of it, in a few words receive,
Words which with pleasure I repeat,
And, on my heart, would fain engrave.

II. O

Spiritual Life.

5

I I.

“ O God, my God, thou art my hope,
“ The object of my youthful trust ;
“ Thy care has me, since I was born,
“ A child of providence still nurs’d.

I I I.

“ By thee, I first breath’d vital air ;
“ Into thy arms dropt from the womb :
“ Me, thy embraces, for times past,
“ Have bore, and shall for times to come.

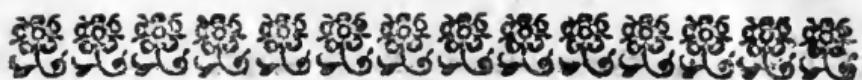
I V.

“ Thus thine by nature, and by ties
“ Of gratitude, my being shall,
“ Long as it lasts, proclaim the praise
“ Of God the author of my all.



A 3

The



The Advantage of an Early Piety.

HO w happy are these favourites of heav'n,
To whom the grace of GOD, betimes, is giv'n ;
By which preserv'd from youth-beguiling snares,
They grow, apace, in virtue as in years.

How pleasant 'tis to see the blooming boy,
The first attention of his years employ,
In serving his Creator, whose commands
Are but the print of his late forming hands!

When, early, enter'd on religion's ways,
The hopeful child, amongst his first essays,
Lisp's out his heav'nly Father's mighty name,
In pray'r and praise ; and ripens in his aim.

When, like blest JESUS, now at twelve arriv'd,
(Th' example was for youth's behoof contriv'd)
He makes his pious disposition known,
And minds his Father's bus'ness, and his own.

O youth, the happiest time of mortal age,
In the spiritual warfare to engage ;

Spiritual Life.

73

Before, the pow'r of evil habits grow'd ~~vigilant~~ & ~~strong~~
Too strong for future discipline to bow: -
Before, old Satan, by his subtle art,
Get full possession of the youthful heart:
Resolv'd to hold it subject to his might;
Proudly usurping the Creator's right.
Before, the world's enchanting vanities
Allure the passions, and the mind entice,
To follow them, in a delusive chace;
Flatt'ring, but never filling the embrace.
Before strong lusts, with lawless rage, combine
To conquer reason's force, and undermine
The good impressions education gave;
And both the body and the soul enslave.
How gay a thing is early piety!
How lovely are the charms that beautify
The young, the zealous, heav'n-ward bending saint!
So, in the orchard, looks the rising plant,
Whose fruit mature, its verdant boughs adorn;
And all its aged neighbours seems to scorn.
O! blest be GOD, who, by his grace bestow'd,
Inclin'd me, early, to religion's road,

The

The happy days of youth's sweet period, still
Afford me pleasure, and for ever will.

Oh ! had my riper years kept pace in zeal,
With those of youth, what wonders could I tell
Of the spiritual life ? whilst, now apace !
I scarcely its first principles can trace.

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The secure Sinner awakened.

STOP, thoughtless wand'rer, stop and look
around,
“ Tis all, on which thou tread'st, enchanted ground !
“ Wake, wake, and see thy fate ! but one step more,
“ And ah ! thou'rt lost beyond redeeming pow'r !
Ha ! plainly so ! ah me ! th'illusions fled,
I see how near to death I fearless tread :
Below, yon firy gulf extended lies,
And o'er it, hangs this dreadful precipice !
Just at the brink of which I'm come, before
I was aware : ah ! just not tumbl'd o'er.

Amazing fight ! how many souls here lost !
What millions on the fiery billows lost,
With fruitless moans, lament themselves undone,
Plung'd in the woes they wou'd not, timely, shun !
The same, O horror ! now had been my fate,
(If yet there's left a way for my retreat)
Had not kind heav'n, that watch'd me, sent this call,
When I was tott'ring, to prevent my fall.
O fond delusion ! whither am I brought,
Without one serious, one relenting thought ?
Rushing through thousand dangers unobserv'd,
And, by a train of miracles preserv'd ;
Till now, 'twixt life and death, hope and despair,
Amaz'd I wait the doubtful issue here !
So the night walker, fearless, dares to climb
O'er walls, and tops of houses, in his dream ;
He fancies all a plain, till by the cries
Of the spectators wak'd, he soon espies
His danger, on each side, and giddy grown,
Hangs trembling, by the tile, or tumbles down.

A Penitential Resentment.

I Blush, O GOD, tow'rds heav'n, to lift my eyes;
I Least I, with looks impure, pollute thy skies:
I tremble, LORD, when I presume to speak,
 Least my vile breath, thy sleeping thunders wake.
 So oft have I, thy terrors all defy'd,
 Thy laws transgressing, with a daring pride,
 That, now, I fear repentance comes too late;
 And pray'rs shall only urge my ling'ring fate.
 Oh ! wretch forlorn, where shall I shelter find;
 Hid from an angry GOD, and guilty mind ?
 What do, what suffer, to avert the blow
 Of threatned vengeance, dire impending woe ?
O GOD, I my prodigious folly see,
 In waging such unequal war with thee!
A worm may bear a mountain without pain,
 As well as I one frown of thine sustain.
O break my heart, burst forth in floods of tears :
 Waste, waste away my life, with rueful cares:

Let raging sorrows, through my bosom roll ;
Let bitter anguish ev'ry joy controul :
Let sighs, and groans, and all the pomp of woe
Concur, my deep unfeign'd distress to show.
Tho' such poor woes heav'n's rage can ne'er attone,
I'll sacrifice them, to appease mine own.
If, on my sins, reveng'd I cannot be,
I shall, to purpose, foolish heart on thee.



A Penitential Confession of Sin.

PSAL. li. from ver. 1. to ver. 13. paraphras'd.

I.

HAVE mercy, LORD, else I'm undone;
Thy boundless mercy, LORD, I crave :
Thy mercies infinite alone
Surpass my sins, and can me save.

II.

Oh ! that the multitudes of those,
The heaps of these might cover o'er ;

As

" As when the ocean overflows

" The sands, that ly along the shore.

III.

O ! wash me, for I'm monstrous foul ;

As hell itself impure am I ;

Wash white, my black and ugly soul ;

I'm sick of my deformity.

IV.

My sins, which thou, O GOD, know'st well,

My willing tongue recounts to thee :

Beside my sins what can I tell ?

Beside my sins I nothing see.

V.

Before my eyes, they ever walk,

And kill me, with upbraiding glare :

The frightful spectres ever stalk,

And in my face, for ever, stare.

VI.

'Gainst thee I've always sinn'd, my GOD ;

Whatever others may complain,

Still under foot thy honour trod,

And wounded, through their sides, has been.

VII. Shoul

VII.

Should GOD my judge, who witness was,
Me, for my crimes, to death condeinn,
I'd own the justice of his laws ;
The righteous sentence loud proclaim.

VIII.

Lo ! from my origin I'm vile ;
Guilt, my conception overspread :
I mourn the streams that me defile ;
I mourn the corrupt fountain-head.

IX.

When forming, in the womb, I lay,
Fermenting sin mix'd with my seeds :
Its venom poison'd all my clay ;
And twist itself, with all my threeds.

X.

Lo ! thou, with candid honesty,
O GOD of truth, delighted art :
No sight more pleasing is to thee,
Than an ingenuous holy heart.

X I.

Ah ! this I've lost, and now lament
 My silly frauds, as vile, as vain :
 Oh, make me wisely penitent,
 That I thy favour may regain.

X II.

O purge me, purge with hysop, L ORD ,
 I mean the virtue of thy grace ;
 That virtue, if thou speak'st the word,
 Shall my transgressions quite efface.

X III.

My pure and spotless innocence,
 The whitest snow shall, then, outvie ;
 No relict of the least offence,
 Shall, then, provoke thy jealous eye.

X IV.

O do the work, most gracious G OD ;
 Let me, thy joyful pardon, hear.
 Discharge my soul of this great load
 Of guilt, and grief she cannot bear.

X V.

O turn away thy holy eyes,
Behold not my provoking crimes:
O take the record (*mercy cries*)
And dash out all the hated lines.

X VI.

In me, create a clean heart, **LORD**,
The work must a creation be:
As man was, first, made, by thy word,
Such a new creature make of me.

X VII.

My naughty sp'rit, like a machine
Whose wheels are broken, useless lies;
My sp'rit refit, O **God**, again,
With motions, holy free and wise.

X VIII.

Cast me not off, wild, and forlorn :
The curse of *Cain* I cannot bear ;
An exile, chas'd from **God**, with scorn,
Is the worst hell that I can fear.

XIX.

Thy holy Spirit, whom I've griev'd,
 So oft, O take not quite away.
 "Go on, and dy, as you have liv'd,
 O never, L ORD, O never say.

XX.

Let joy arise in my sad heart,
 The joy of thy salvation dear :
 Thy gracious succours, L ORD, impart ;
 Prevent my sinking in despair.

XXI.

For this, I shall thy praise proclaim,
 With grateful pleasure, all my days :
 For this, be zealous to reclaim
 Transgressors from their evil ways.



*A Plea of Faith for Pardon of Sin.*

I.

To thee, dear Saviour, cleaves my heart ;
My eager soul takes hold on thee :
Oh say not, say not, "Wretch, depart :
"With hands polluted, touch not me."

II.

To whom, L O R D , should a sinner go,
But to a Saviour ; turn thy face :
I cannot, will not, let thee go,
Till I have shaf'd forgiving grace.

III.

O let thy mercy, for me, plead ;
Oh ! hear thine own compassions cry :
A friend is known in time of need ;
The friend art thou, the needy I.

I V.

Hear thy own vocal blood, O hear,

How many tongues! how many cries!

"O spare, the malefactor spare,

"Who, to the refuge-city, flies.

V.

I'm filthy, L ORD, to a degree;

Diseas'd, all over, is my soul;

But, 'tis an easy thing, for thee

To say, "Poor man, be clean, be whole."

V. I.

Lo! open'd wide the fountain stands,

The fountain of thy precious blood;

I put my life, L ORD, in thy hands,

And plunge into the sacred flood...

Another

*Another Plea of Faith.*

I.

* **H**O w well she touch'd, who virtue drew
From *Him* behind his back !
If I the happy secret knew,
I should not virtue lack.

II.

|| How brave, Centurion, was thy faith ?
Could I believe like thee,
My soul, tho' at the point of death,
To life-restor'd should be.

III.

† A Cana'nite pursues her suit,
Repuls'd she pleads again,
Firm stands her faith, and resolute ;
She will, she must obtain.

IV.

Why may'nt then others ? why may'nt I
Believe as well as they ?

Sure

/ * Matth. 9. 20. || Matth. 8. 5. + Matth. 15. 22.

Sure faith is no monopoly,

Nor grace giv'n all away.

V.

JESUS, my Saviour, I believe,

Help thou my unbelief,

Lo ! hope I dawning now perceive,

My heart forbodes relief.



Pardon.

AN angel ! no, a much diviner pow'r
Home to my breast, the blessed tydings bore.
I, rather, felt, than heard the message go
Down to my heart, and speak I know not how.
But deeply fixt, I'm sure, it there remains ;
“ Turn, now, thy sorrows into joyful strains,
“ Sinner, thy pardon's seal'd; proclaim the grace
“ Of him, who, dearly, merited thy peace.
O welcome news ! soon as my Saviour spoke ;
All my afflicting bonds asunder broke ;

A joyful freedom, in my soul, ensu'd,
From that moment, date my life renew'd.
O GOD, my Saviour, what returns can show
The obligations to thy grace I owe? *Knowe?*
Had I a thousand hearts, with love, to flame;
A thousand tongues, thy praises to proclaim,
To thee, I'd, gladly, sacrifice them all,
And only grudge my off'ring was too small.
But hark! his voice divine, methinks I hear
Whisp'ring, again, glad, tydings in my ear:
Hush all my pow'rs, and reverently bend.
This second heav'ly message to attend.

The Promise.

[*ISAIAH* liv. from ver. 6. to ver. 11.
Paraphras'd.

I

AS mourns the penfive, solitary bride,
Scorn'd, and her youthful husband's love deny'd;
Whilst the fierce anger of his jealous mind,
Removes her, widow'd by divorce unkind:

Or,

Or, when thus punish'd, for her broken vow,
 She, penitent, would plight her faith anew :
 So have I seen thee mourn, and so complain ;
 But now I'll love and comfort thee again ;
 So faith thy GOD, so will he do
 Who is thy Maker, and thy Husband too ;

I.I.

Tho' sad, yet short has been the space
 Of my displeasure, and of thy disgrace ;
 But now, that mournful season o'er,
 A season to return no more ;
 With all the warmth of love divine,
 That, from my heart, can pass to thine,
 With all the smiles, that, in my face
 Display'd, can speak my dearest grace,
 Lo ! thee, fair penitent, lo ! thee I now embrace.
 Tho' time shall end, there ne'er shall be
 A period of my love to thee :
 Nor shall the distant day arise, to tell
 That once I lov'd thee, but not, now, so well.

So faith thy GOD, so shall it be,
Believe his word, for so faith he
Whose love lasts, like himself, to all eternity.

III.

When righteous *Noah* grace obtain'd,
To save a remnant of mankind ;
The swelling floods bore him, on high,
A trav'ller where,
Through tracts of air,
The birds, before, were wont to fly.
But, when I spoke, the floods obey'd ;
Proud as they were, they homage paid,
And downward, quickly, roll'd their tide,
Within old limits to abide :
And, then, the weary ark took rest ;
And, then, to sooth the patriarch's breast,
Which fluctuated still, with cares,
Tumultuous jealousies and fears,
By my Almighty self, I swore,
That, whilst the reins are in my hand,
Which guide the universe, with uncontroul'd com-
mand,

The waters of abyss, no more,
 Joining with haughty ocean's store,
 Their bars shall break,
 And licence take,
 To spread their daring floods, o'er the forbiddan
 land.

IV.

Ev'n so, my darling, has it been with thee :
 So delug'd thou, hast, so, been say'd by me.
 So have I caus'd, thy sorrows, to abate ;
 So, now, to glad thee, peace I intimate ;
 And so have I confirm'd it, by my oath,
 That never, will I, with thee, more, be wroth.

“ Look up, and see the peaceful bow

“ Arch'd round my reconciled brow ;

“ Believe thy self, in safety, now,

“ As ever thou shalt be,

“ Like *Noah*, with thank off'rings, sacrifice to me.

V.

But feas and floods so restless are,

High banks and shores their rage must bar,

And bridle their fierce threats.

But,

But, sure, the mountains are not so ;
Long will it be e'er they a trav'ling go,
And leave their ancient seats :
And, yet, unless you can suppose,
The mountains shall quit their repose,
And all the hills, at once, take flight,
And vanish, ever, out of sight :
Then be assur'd, that my firm love,
Once fixt on thee, shall ne'er remove,
Nor less indulgent grow.

Yea knew, my darling, know
That, tho' there surely comes a day,
When ev'ry mountain, ev'ry isle,
Shall fly, on wings of flame, away :
When all above, and all below,
The works of nature, and of art,
The world, so beauteous in each part,
Shall burn its own great funeral pile :
Ev'n then, my cov'nant, made with thee,

The cov'nant of my peace,
Insur'd by the veracity,
And stedfast purpose of my grace,

Unmoy'd shall stand : and so shall thou
 By it incirc'd, and all round thee, view
 The universal havock of that dreadful day.
 So saith thy GOD, who is so kind to thee !
 So thy Redeemer saith, and so it sure shall be.



A Thanksgiving for Pardon.

P S A L. ciii. from ver. 1. to 6. and from
 ver. 20. to End, Paraphras'd.

I.

O Bless the LORD, my soul excite
 Thy self, his praises to proclaim :
 Let all thy cheerful pow'r's unite,
 To magnify his holy name.

II.

O bless the LORD, my soul, bless thou
 Thy benefactor, with delight :
 O ever bless, O ever glow,
 His matchless favours to recite.

III. At

III.

At what a price, would'st thou have bought
The pardon of thy sins, before?
He has discharg'd them all, for nought;
His grace has, freely, quit the score,

IV.

Diseases, many as the parts
Of which thou'rt made, afflicted thee:
All thy diseases, wounds and smarts,
Compassionately cur'd has he.

V.

When vengeance, dress'd in dread array,
Stood hov'ring o'er thy guilty head;
He spoke impending death away,
And plac'd salvation, in its stead.

VI.

With mercies numberless as great,
He has thee, as his fav'rite, crown'd.
How gay is thy renewed state?
What smiling joys, thee circle round?

VII.

His bounteous stores are open'd wide:
 For blessings, ever fresh, make room.
 How dull the eagle's youthful pride,
 Compar'd with thy renewed bloom!

VIII.

O ye exalted heav'nly pow'rs,
 Ye angels that his presence throng,
 My praises wing, on high, with yours,
 Accent my notes, assist my song.

IX.

O bless the **LORD**, with me, O bless
 Ye numerous hosts, ye various ranks
 Of beings he created has;
 O join, with mine, your solemn thanks.

X.

Ye are his servants, and his praise
 A task is, that belongs to you;
 O all his creatures join to raise
 The tribute that, to him, is due.

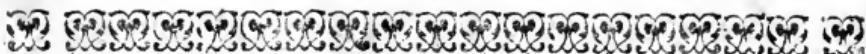
X I.

And thou my soul, with thy best art,
Begin and close the harmony :
While lasts thy being, bear thy part ;
And bless the L O R D eternally.

*A Grateful Thought.*

SURE, on the earth, there are but few
Indebted more to heav'n's free grace :
And can't thou, then, my soul, can't thou
Let thy loud praises ever cease ?
But ah ! dear L O R D , what call I praise ?
Poor words, and thoughts, like mine, can these
Merit so great a name ?
Can e'er my weak and fleeting breath
Bring an accession to thy fame ?
In heav'n, where saints and angels praise,
They speak strange things, in such strange ways,
As cannot utter'd be on earth.
Yet, since, dear L O R D , thou do'st allow,
Thee will I praise, with all my pow'r ;

With willing mind, my mite I'll throw
 Into thy treasury's wealthy store :
 And may my useless being cease,
 To me extinguish'd be the sense of bliss,
 When e'er I breath one faint desire, my God, to
 praise thee less.



The Light of Faith.

REASON, tho' honor to your name is due,
 You must before superior merit bow.
 Whilst, in a humbler sphere, you useful shine,
 Faith lifts her eyes to objects more divine.
 Before the birth of time; by faith, we see
 The tractless maze of past eternity :
 Whilst GOD was *all* : and in his mind display'd,
 The vast design of future worlds survey'd.
 When mercy all-divine, to show her grace,
 To the foreseen, apostate human race,
 Awoke eternal wisdom to her aid,
 Wisdom which the amazing project laid,

Whose glorious issues set redeeming love,
The praises of creating power, above.
tupendious heights ! O wonders too sublime,
For the most tow'ring angel-thought to climb !
Th' eternal shall be born ! and God most high,
Low in an abject creature's posture ly !
tript of his honors ; all his glories vail'd,
His throne relinquish'd, majesty conceal'd.
By labours, toils, and infinite distress,
He shall, his love to human kind, express !
By faith, I hear the early promise sound,
And spread reviving hope and comfort round ;
“ The woman’s Seed shall break the Serpent’s pow’r ;
“ Revenge her wrongs, and what she lost restore.
By faith, I see the day advance apace,
Still with a brighter shine of heay’nly grace ;
Till revelation, with meridian rays,
The scene of wonders, to the world, displays.
By faith, I see him from the Father come,
And change his bosom, for a virgin’s womb
Whilst choirs of angels celebrate his birth,
The greatest, and the meanest seen on earth.

Pursu'd with spightful scorn, and usage rude,
He leads a life all o'er divinely good.

The L ORD of the creation daigns to be
Of indigence, and woe a prodigy.

His patience still all injuries above,

He combates malice, with officious love.

By night, retir'd to heav'n to sooth his pain;

By day, employ'd in doing good to men;

His dear profession, his delightful task:

How pleas'd he is, to hear the wretched ask

The favours he with great propension does!

Griev'd when his prefer'd blessings they refuse.

The winds, and seas obedient to his word,

Proclaim him, of all nature sov'reign L ORD.

Demons, diseases, plagues of ev'ry kind,

Which men afflict in body, or in mind,

Fly at his frown, and death, his conquer'd slave,

Yields up the pris'ner of the gloomy grave.

But lo! the most amazing scenes unfold,

Which mighty *Gabriel* trembles to behold.

The L ORD of glory stoops, and prostrate lies,

Pierc'd to the heart with the dire agonies

Of death, envenom'd with the wrath of heav'n !
He cries for quarter, but no quarter's giv'n.
Th' Almighty Father summons all his rage,
His own dear Son, tremendous ! to engage :
A dreadful gloom o'ercasts each lovely charm.
Seen in his face before ! — his lifted arm
First, shakes the glitt'ring vengeance o'er his head,
Then, in his bowels, sheathes the flaming blade !
Amazing fight ! strange heap of mysteries ! }
Life's unexhausted fountain bleeds and dies, }
The God, the altar, priest, and sacrifice ! }
But oh what blessings from his sorrows flow !
O glorious triumphs of victorious woe ! }
Death, in his own dominions, he invades, }
Pursues, and kills him, mid'st his native shades.
Hell's dark foundations his dread presence shakes,
Satan he conquers, his proud empire breaks ; }
And thence, triumphant drags, in chains along, }
Of grinning demons an unnumber'd throng. }
The grave, rob'd of her richest treasure mourns ;
And all the spoils of dust ignobler scorns.

Sin, of all plagues, and woes the teeming womb,
 Abolish'd lies, and bury'd in his tomb.
 No further charge, the holy law indites
 For disregards, and violated rights.
 Almighty Justice quits her vengeful claims :
 And Conscience pleas'd, the jubile proclaims.
 The gates of heav'n, that bolted were by sin,
 Are open'd wide ; and men may enter in,
 To fill the vacancies of that bright sphere,
 Whence guilty cherubs once degraded were.
 By faith I see him rise, and lead the way,
 Mounting triumphant, like the lord of day,
 To his meridian glory, long prepar'd,
 To crown his labours, and his woes reward.
 Hence, he profusely show'r's his blessings down :
 Hence, golden gospel years roll stately on :
 Hence, comes the Comforter, with all his train
 Of heav'n-born graces, in our hearts to reign :
 Victorious preaching, hence, begins to spread
 Its conquests o'er the world, and captive lead
 Mankind, who wretched captives were, before,
 To sin, and Satan's tyrannizing pow'r.

Such was it, in old time, enquir'd by those
Who bore the name of wise, whence evil rose :
Such, in the dark, they grop'd, to find the cause.
Why passion sways us, more than reason's laws.
Faith leads us to this *Nilus-head*, and shows
The source, whence vice all humane race o'erflows:
The first-made hapless pair, that did begin
Earth to replenish, delug'd it with sin.
In vain th' enquiring sages, ever, try'd
By dictates grave and wise, to stem the tide ;
Weak reason's rules could never have the force,
To stop sin's current, or to drain its source.
Tis grace, all-pow'rful grace, that only can
Reform the life, and vicious heart of man.
As much in vain, those men of morals try'd,
Whilst feeble reason was their only guide,
To find the way, that leads to the chief good ;
But end, and means, they still disputing stood.
Faith's quicker eye descrys the heav'nly coast,
The land which true felicity does boast ;
And guides by its illuminations clear
The course we to the seats of bliss must steer.

Come then my pilot, to thy care resign'd,
 Conduct my voyage ; come O ev'ry wind,
 And ev'ry tide that best can speed my course,
 Come blow me forward, with united force ;
 Till, landed safe, on the immortal shore,
 Your friendly aid, I thank, but need no more.
 Come anchor weigh, my soul, no longer stay
 In mud here fixt ; the season calls away :
 Spread all thy sails, and let th' auspicious gale
 With a plerophery thy bosom swell.
 Lo ! I the distant, shining coast descry :
 Brighter and brighter, still, it strikes my eye.
 Oh glorious climate of eternal day !
 Blow stronger heav'nly gale, blow me, with speed,
 away.



*The Admiration.*

I.

I'll never cease, now I'm begun,
My GOD; to praise thy grace so rich, and free!
Who sent thine own dear bosom Son,
From death and hell, to save a wretch like me.

But ah ! how soon I lose my song ,
Silence and wonder hold my tongue !
From heights stupendious I look down !

Ah ! now I'm giddy Grown,
Ah ! now I nothing see,
I sink, into a deep amazing mystery !

II.

Recover'd, let me quick retire,
And, by more distant views, admire
This awful miracle of Grace.

Back to their source, the streams I'll trace ;
The cause, in its effects, survey.

Yon Sun, the glorious lord of day,

D

Quite

Quite blinds us, when we try to gaze
 On his insufferable blaze,
 Yet charms our eyes and glads our sight,
 With the soft temper'd rays of his reflected light.

III.

LORD, what am I! what Human race!
 That we should share redeeming Grace!
 From earth, from hell be rais'd on high
 To heav'n and immortality!
 With JESUS, and with GOD to dwell!
 Possess of joys ineffable!
 But ah! non-plus'd again
 I must forego the dazzling scene,
 Whatever way my thoughts I bend
 Strange mysteries I see.

How shall I, LORD, thy Greatness comprehend:
 When ev'n mine own a wonder is to me!

IV.

JESUS, the dear adored friend
 Of souls, 'bove all expression kind,
 What shali I think? my LORD, what say?
 Where place my self, whence best I may

The

The vast dimensions of thy love survey !

Transcendent, oh ! transcendent is its height !

Immense 'tis breadth ! 'tis depth ! 'tis weight

Of glory, overwhelms me quite !

I sink ! I faint ! can say no more !

But, LORD, thou know'st my heart; I love, and I
adore.



Christian Duty.

Attend, dear Christian, bear your Saviour speak ;
To learn his laws with humble rev'rence bow :
Whoever his forgiving Grace partake,
Their gratitude, must by obedience show.

BY Blood, my precious Blood, redeem'd from
hell,
Henceforth, your GOD obey, with flaming zeal :
Renew'd in heart, as I point out to you,
A new and holy course of life pursue.

The Laws divine peruse, with humble care,
 And in your breast, their lively transcript bear:
 Whilst Knowledge guides, let Love inspire you
 course,

That hold the light, and this give duty force.
 For love of all religion is the soul,
 The love of GOD, must reign without controul
 In your submissive breast, and by its sway
 Teach all your pow'rs, with pleasure, to obey.
 Yet, with your love, maintain the holy dread
 Of GOD, from whom such awful rays proceed,
 Mix'd with his smiles, that who approach his throne
 With greatest freedom, fall the lowest down.
 On him depend, to him devoutly pray:
 Your thanks to him, in solemn manner, pay:
 For Pray'r and Praise are duties, both so plain
 By nature's light, and common sense of men,
 That, if these acts of homage you refuse,
 Your monstrous crime admits of no excuse.
 All Moses taught, in moral rules, of old,
 The dictates of eternal reason hold:

His sacred precepts, ever, shall remain
The rule of manners, easy, short, and plain:
And, when the heav'n and earth both pass away,
Fixt shall the Law's just obligation stay.

Your brother love; this precept I renew,
And, with a charge peculiar, urge on you.

Love is the badge, the character divine
Mark'd out, to make my true disciples shine
Distinguish'd from the world; and raise the fame
Of my Religion, and the Christian Name.

That you're exactly *just*, must not suffice;
In acts diviner christian friendship lies:
To others you must favours do, tho' they
Or can't, or won't the kindness done, repay:
Yea, wait you must not till the favour's sought,
It must, by your preventing hand, be brought:
And, what to flesh and blood is harder still,
You must be sure to render *good* for *ill*.
Sight of that noble maxim never lose,
Which moral virtue, in perfection, shows:
“ What, you would others have to do for you,
“ For others, that, your self be sure to do.

Forbearance and forgiveness must declare
That you have learn'd the cross, like me, to bear :
And, when press'd hardest, with the causeless wrongs
Of wicked men's injurious hands and tongues,
Patient and calm you must possess your soul,
Revenge suppress, tumultuous rage controul,
And wait ungrudg'd till the great judgment day
Shall all your wrongs with large amends repay.
Mean time, your blessings frankly heap on those
Who curse you loudest ; and befriend your foes.
For so did I : but if you don't forgive,
You GOD's forgiveness never shall receive.
Each fav'rite lust that in your bosom lies,
Expell'd, with indignation, sacrifice.
'Tis madness to indulge forbidden joy,
And hug the vipers that would you destroy.
When sin prevails, through weakness or surprise,
And pressing guilt upon your conscience lies ;
Admit no respite till 'tis purg'd away,
Renew repentance, each returning day :
For guilt unpurg'd becomes a grievous load,
Both to the spirit of man, and spirit of GOD.

nd hard'ning, by degrees, the sinner grows
ll adamant at last, prepar'd for vengeful blows.
he fountain of my Blood still open stands,
viting you to come, with your demands,
o share its virtues, oft as you have need
f Grace to pardon, or to give you aid.
our Time is short, and flies with winged haste ;
ly with it, in your care, to be possest
f heav'ly blifs, when time shall be no more,
wake your soul, and summon ev'ry pow'r
To finish what you have so well begun ;
or, now, or never, must your work be done.
his present world, a scene of vanities,
earn, with a mind exalted, to despise :
Man was not made for things himself below ;
Nor can the treasures of the earth bestow
A Good sufficient, to content a mind,
For blifs immortal and immense design'd.
Be very humble, meek and self deny'd ;
And show your virtue most, when most 'tis try'd.
Pride is a vice, which mortals ill becomes,
Born to inherit their paternal tombs.

And

And at the Resurrection, men shall stand
All on a level; only the right-hand
Shall to the Righteous, as their due, be giv'n
Who, by humility aspir'd to heav'n.

Of your own Soul the government maintain,
Your Passions manage with a bended rein:
Tam'd by right-reason, and religion's sway
Teach them superior dictates to obey:

Great is the conquest, happy is the skill
To rule your self, and master your own Will.
Your Time redeem from all impertinence,
And much from bus'ness too, that grave preten
Of serious fools, who mighty pains bestow,
Breaking their own, and other's quiet too,
For sake of trifles, lasting but a day,
And throw their souls eternally away.

Of your Religion never be ashamed,
How'er you may, as singular, be blam'd,
By herds, who madly haste to be undone,
And hate the few that will not with them run.
Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way
That upward leads to everlasting day;

And, if you would attain to endless life,
Push forward still, with humble holy strife.
Sin and temptations shun, with watchful care ;
Look out, and, timely, spy each hidden snare
Laid by the fly Seducer, in your way,
To catch you as his thoughtless easy prey.
In solitude, your actions oft review,
And greater heights of virtue still pursue ;
The life divine must to perfection grow,
And if not forward, will, sure, backward go.
Live still contented with your present state ;
Your duty's to obey, not to debate
The will of heav'n : nor must you take it ill
That things go oft contrary to your will.
Heav'n's Providence walks in mysterious ways,
And you must, tamely, follow through the maze,
Without enquiring why the way does run
So cross ? why this ? or why is that thing done ?
But when unvail'd the future scene shall be,
With joyful admiration you shall see
How all was wisely done, and wondrous well for
thee.

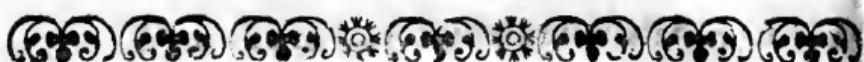
Mean time, by faith, live on the care of GOD,
 Who all things sways, by his almighty nod ;
 Who cloths the lillies, in array so fair ;
 Who feeds the feather'd people of the air ;
 Who makes his show'r'd-down blessings daily fall
 And with diffusive goodness comforts all.

Consider you're a Pilgrim on the earth,
 Of heav'n a Native, by your second birth :
 Live worthy your high character and state,
 And act a part divinely good and great .
 Waft up your soul, in contemplations high,
 Surmount the dusky regions of the sky,
 And entertain your self, with free delight ;
 In ranging o'er these glorious realms of light,
 Where joys unbounded, pleasures ever new,
 A sparkling crown of glory waits for you,
 Soon as to mortal things you bid adieu.
 Till then, the Cross with resignation bear,
 And drink the Cup which I for thee prepare :
 Yea grudge not, if the will of heav'n be so,
 Thither, through water, fire, and blood to go.

our sufferings shall be fully recompens'd,
When to a state triumphant you're advanc'd,
And the short tryals, you have undergone,
Add fresh, eternal glories to your crown.

The Resolution.

THINE, LORD, I am, thine own I'll ever be ;
Witness the vows which now I make to thee.
To serve thy pleasure, and obey thy call,
Devoted lo ! thou hast my heart and *all*.
So much, to thee, I'm sensible I owe,
only grudge, I can so little do :
But since the service of a willing mind,
And honest heart, meets thy acceptance kind ;
With cheerful zeal, my GOD, I'll thee obey,
And mend my pace, in duty, ev'ry day.
Delight shall wings to my obedience give,
Whilst, from thy Grace, I daily aids receive,
To make my Resolutions persevere,
And prove as constant, as they are sincere.



Breathings after Obedience.

P S A L. CXIX. from ver. 1. to 32. Paraphras'd.

HO w bleſt are they, who ſerve the L ORD
with care !

Whofe lives are blameleſs, as their hearts ſincere
Who willingly ſubjeeted to his ſway,
The laws of G OD, with ardent zeal obey !

Bleſt they, who ſerve him with a pious mind
Averfe to evil, and to good inclin'd !

Thy precepts, L ORD, thou bidſt us keep in view
And what they dictate, eagerly purſue.

O that my ſteps, conduced by thy grace,
Unerring could the path of duty trace :
When conſcious that I have thy laws obey'd,
I'll unasham'd appear, and undismay'd.

ORD, with a heart sincere, I will thee praise,
When I am grown experienc'd in thy ways :
To keep thy precepts strongly I incline,
Deny me not, dear LORD, thy aids divine.

Par-

What is the rule, by which enquiring youth
Their manners best may form ? thy word of truth.
With my whole heart, I have thy Grace implor'd ;
Prevent my wand'ring from thy precepts, LORD.

LORI

finem

Where should I hide thy word, but in my heart ?
The dearest treasure, in the dearest part :
There have I hid it, there it shall remain
To guard my innocence, and peace maintain.

ind

LORD thou art blest, and Blessings do'st bestow :
No better Blessing to be ask'd I know, ☐
Than the Religion of a pious mind,
Where practice is with speculation join'd.

in v

Thy Laws, my GOD, my richest treasure, are,
Before all other wealth, I them prefer :

d,

Lo

On them, my very heart and soul, is set ;
So dear a treasure I can ne'er forget.

Were Life my wish, I'd wish it for this end,
That in obedience I my life might spend :
Light too I'd ask, and a quick-sighted eye
The myst'ries of Religion to descry.

A stranger I'm on earth, and far from home ;
Shew how I to my Father's house may come :
Thy holy precepts are the *good old way*,
Them, anxiously, my soul longs to obey.

While haughty sinners meet thy dire rebukes,
O favour me, with thy reviving looks :
By thee approv'd I'll laugh at causeless shame,
Unmov'd, tho' monarchs should my choice condemn.

Thy precepts, **LORD**, on which I meditate,
So wisely are adapted to my state,
That, in each doubtful question, I receive
Direction from them, how I should behave.

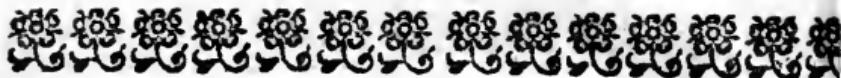
My humble soul encourage by thy word,
My undisguis'd obedience prosper, **LORD**,
The beauties of thy law, to me, reveal,
And I'll their excellence, to others, tell.

When low I ly, and overcharg'd with grief,
I'll to thy Promise look for kind relief.
From error, save me, gracious **GOD**, and grant
Th' instruction of thy law, which yet I want.

My heart can witness that it is my choice,
To be directed, by thy precepts voice:
They my delightful contemplation are;
Yea in my heart, I hug their image dear:

Fain would I, with more expedition, run
The race of duty, which I have begun:
My heart, **LORD**, with thy heav'nly Grace, inspire,
And then I'll run, and running never tire.



*The Vision.*

I.

REPOSING on the ground I chanc'd to ly
And upward looking, with a wand'ring eye
Beheld the beauty of the azure sky.

The pious Patriarch's dream, when laid
To sleep (a stone beneath his head)
At *Bethel*, in the open air,
Resign'd to Providential care,
Run in my mind ; when lo ! methinks I see
A shining ladder, such as he,
In awful vision, saw erected high,
Its foot set on the earth, its top far 'bove the
sky.

The radiant rounds a glorious burden beared
Of heav'nly Couriers all divinely fair :

On great important errands sent,
Some downward came, some upward went :
And all seem'd wondrous pleas'd to bear
The

The messages and trusts, with which they honour'd
were.

Gazing I'm held with wonder and delight,
Both pleas'd and aw'd, with such a heav'nly sight:

When lo ! methinks I see

A lovely Youth, from heav'n, descend with speed,
His eyes fixt, all along, on me.

Triumphant joy shone in his face,

Immortal charms, illustrious Grace

Sparkling all round him, said

He, doubtless, was some godlike Head,

Some princely Leader of th' Angelick race.

Soon as alighted by my side,

Repressing his resplendent rays,

With smiles ineffable he says,

Arise, and follow me, thy Guide,

Arise, and follow whither I shall lead.

Straight rais'd, with him I go;

And upward mount, I know not how,

But soon arriv'd we were,

Far 'bove the clouds, far 'bove the air,

Far 'bove the heav'n's remotest sphere,

At that Celestial climate, where
 Immortal life, and joys eternal reign ;
 Th' imperial seat of GOD, the world's Almighty
 King.

I I.

When here arriv'd, with my fair Guide,
 And caution'd not to wander from his side,
 Straight, an impetuous tide
 Of glorious overflowing light,
 Bursts forth, from a vast ocean's side,
 Which rushing back, straight us conveys
 Far, far into th' uncircumscribed Blaze,
 Where all the stars we see, by night,
 As bright as is the mid-day sun,
 And he as big and bright, as all of them alone ;
 Still would their day, but gloomy be,
 Faint, like the early dawn, when we
 Half mid-night, and half morning see,
 Compar'd with heav'n's resplendent, everlasting noon
 Stark blind I'm struck at the first op'ning glare :
 Nor know I, now, or how I am, or where !
 But soon, my Guide his help applies

And with a salve anoints my eyes,
heav'ly salve which Cherubs use, when e'er they
feel eternal day too strong upon 'em bears.

New sight, by this, I quickly found;
nd oh! the wonders now I view, all round,
Scepters, thrones, and diadems
Darting forth their rival beams!
Beauties, Glories dazzling bright!
Unnumber'd nameless Forms of light!
Chrystal streets, and walls of gems,
Banks of gold, and pearly streams,
Constellations, far and near,
Of Beings all divinely fair!
Engines of bliss, and tasks of joy,
Contriy'd the Happy to employ!
Scenes of pleasure, Dignities,
Infinite varieties
Of Glories and Beatitudes,
O'erflowing joys, and Plenitudes
Of raptures, and sweet extasies,
Now all at once entrance my heart, and glut my
ravish'd eyes! Whilst

Whilst rang'd all round, in orders bright and hig,
The radiant **Choir'sters** with immortal lays,

(Inimitable harmony !)

Still to a pitch, their great Creator praise.

Oh ! happy state ! oh rapturous bliss !

Where am I now ? what sweet confusion this !

Hold, hold, triumphant Throng,

Stop, stop your killing song ;

I faint, I dy

For extasy,

This heav'n's too sweet for me ! the transport
too strong !

Whilst, thus I rave, and faint away,

Drunk with extatrick joys,

My watchful Guide, without delay

His help again employs ;

With an elixir, such as Angels take

When they would Immortality awake

Its utmost force to show,

With such, my friendly Guide restores

The vigour of my vanquish'd pow'rs ;

And strengthen'd, thus, anew

Scenes yet more glorious, leads me on to view.

High, on a throne of dazzling light,
Th' ETERNAL shines, and all around
His pompous glories wave, on the resplendent ground.
Th' adoring Crowds, below with greedy eyes,
Drink in the floods of splend'rous rays,
Which, from his unvail'd Essence, issue down,
Floods which would swallow up, and drown
Their feeble, disproportion'd sight,
With too impetuous tides of light;
But that the glorious streaming rays,
Dart healing vigour, with their blaze,
Which pow'rfully supports their eyes,
To look, with endless, fresh surprise,
On the Abyss of Glory, whence they take their

Sole, independent Sov'reignty,
 Immutable Felicity,
 All fixt on Self-existence everlasting Line!
 They see the Godhead gloriously display'd !
 Th' *Arcana* of his nature open laid :
 The secret unexhausted stores,
 The deep Recesses, and unfathom'd Pow'rs
 Of his immense eternal Mind !
 They see the sacred scenes of mystery,
 Vast treasures of original Divinity,
 The endless trains of Verities,
 Infinite Possibilities,
 Examples, and ideas fair
 Of Things that ne'er created were,
 But ly, in their eternal seeds confin'd,
 Couch'd up within the folds of his all-comprehending Mind !
 They see the all-sufficient Good ;
 Which their glad hearts dilates and warms !
 They see, and grasp, and are allow'd
 To riot in its blissful charms :
 They see, and love, and raptur'd are,

Enjoy as much, as heart can bear,
Of pleasures, ever at a height,
Pleasures of such glorious weight,
That, with excess of bliss, they'd dy,
Did not almighty Energy
Their hearts enlarge, and fortify,
till to receive, and bear the raging sweet delight !

L.V.

High, at the right hand of his Father, stands
The glorious Mediator's throne ;
Where he sits crown'd with honours won,
nd all the wide subjeeted world commands.

Oh ! how resplendent are his rays !
Oh ! how all tongues, with transports, praise
The glorious God-man, and proclaim
His great, admir'd, unrival'd Name !

Oh how his Saints, with emulous zeal,
Exult, the story of his Love, to tell,
Whilst Thrones, Dominions, Cherubins fall down,
And prostrate at his Feet adore,
Whilst all th' Angelick hosts submissive own
His dignity supreme, his high imperial pow'r.

Blest sight ! how raptur'd was my heart !
 What joys, to me, did it impart,
 To see all heav'n, with one accord,
 Just honours pay to my best friend, and dearest
 L O R D !

Here Prophets, Martyrs, and Apostles dwell
 With all the bright triumphant train
 Of great, and good, and godlike Men,
 Whom J E S U S , by his Blood, redeem'd from hi
 Methought, I knew them all by name,
 So dearly lov'd and honour'd them,
 That my own self I scarce could love so well.

Whilst all the glorious Company,
 With equal passion, seem'd to honour me.

In each of them I saw the face
 Of their Redeemer, and his grace
 In bright similitude display'd :
 Each wore a massy sparkling crown ;
 Each held a palm, and glorious shone,
 With robes of light, like him, array'd.
 Some wait in Presence, some retire
 About employments he assigns ;

But their Employments never tire,
Where'er they go,
Whate'er they do,
eav'n follows them, and in their bosom reigns.

V.

nd, now, my Guide conducts me by the hand,
o view the many mansions of the blest;
ofty and fair the rich apartments stand,
ll worthy those by whom they are possest.
old, diamonds, pearls, and all the shining things,
y men esteem'd fit ornaments for Kings,

And ev'n those sparkling globs of light,
The glories of the silent night,
ut dim as mud, and dark as shadows are,
i worth and beauty no proportion bear

To the materials, rich and bright,
f which, with strange varieties of art,
Display'd in ev'ry finish'd part,
uilt, and adorn'd are all these mansions of delight.
urveying them, methought, how vain are all
he toils of mortals ! how misplac'd their care
ho cottages, with mighty labour, rear,

F

And

And then, O vanity ! their palaces 'em call.
 But oh ! what heart conceive ! what tongue can tell
 How blest they are who in the Mansions dwell !
 How bright their forms ! how rapt'rous their de-
 lights !

What sacred friendship their glad hearts unites !
 What blissful entertainments them employ !
 What wise, endearing converse they enjoy !
 Whilst fixt in the possession of their bliss,
 Which grows with a perpetual sweet increase,
 They, ev'ry moment, have the pleasant view
 Of joys for ever rapt'rous, joys for ever new.
 'Twas little of their state that I could learn,
 Yet this, by some small hints, I could discern ;
 Some into nature's mysteries enquire,
 Some providence (a maze delightful) trace ;
 But must, with ravish'd hearts, admire
 The matchless wonders of redeeming Grace !
 Raptur'd, beyond all that I can express,
 Methought, I, to my Guide, did say,
 O let me here the lowest room possess,
 O let me here for ever stay.

But he, with smiles, replies, Dear friend,
Bear for a while to have your suit deny'd,
have discharg'd the task to me assign'd,

And now I must thee backward guide.

Like death, methought, that cruel word,
With dreadful thrill, went to my heart, and I
Starting, amaz'd, began to cry,

Not so, not so, my L O R D .

When lo ! the vision left me, and I found
My self alone, still, lying stretch'd upon the ground.



A Triumph over Temptation.

Conquer, L O R D , and triumph will in thee ;
Thou art my Saviour, and my song shall be.
oon, as the Foe the ensigns saw display'd,
By which he knew thee coming to my aid,
Trembling he took himself to shameful flight,
And sunk amaz'd down to the realms of night ;
And, now, from his insulting rage set free,
I'll pay, my L O R D , my humble thanks to thee.

With vict'ry crown'd, and reposess'd of peace,
 I'll celebrate thy pow'rful aiding Grace.
 Almighty Grace ! which able is to quell,
 And triumph o'er the proudest rage of hell.
 All conqu'ring Grace ! by whose exploits renown'd
 So many *heads* are, now, with *glory* crown'd.
 By Grace assisted (hear me Prince of Light)
 I vow *the battels of the L O R D to fight.*
 Eternal war I'll wage with hell and sin ;
 Whilst Grace assists, no trophies they shall win.
 O for that happy morning's dawn, when I
 O'er death triumphing, (the last enemy)
 Shall plant my banner, on the walls of heav'n,
 And hold the palm, by my Redeemer giv'n,
 With joy I'll march to the imperial throne,
 To thank my G O D, for all my vict'ries won :
 And as, through crowds of heav'nly folk, I pass
 Saluting me, with loud and kind applause,
 I'll raise my voice, and, all along, declare
Grace, Grace has done it ! Grace has brought me here.

*Another Song of Triumph.*

S A L. CXVIII. ver. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17,
19, *Paraphras'd.*

I.

THOU hast thurst sore, proud angry Foe,
Thou hast thurst sore, to make me fall:
ut my Almighty Saviour, who
y peril saw, has sav'd my All.

II.

him, my strength, and succour lies ;
nd he shall have my grateful song :
o him, who gains my victories,
y right, my triumphs do belong.

III.

ark ! how the whole exalted Choir
f Saints above his praise proclaim!
ark ! how with emulous desire,
he Saints below, attempt the theme.

IV.

• The LORd's Right-hand doth valiantly :
 " He ever triumphs in his pow'r !
 " His Right-hand doth; so valiantly,
 " We blush to speak, and must adore !

V.

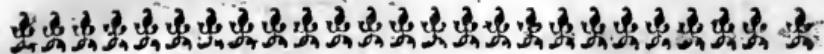
O life, I never valu'd thee,
 So much as now, it is my joy,
 To have an *immortality*,
 Which I, in praises, may employ.

VI.

Ye gates of GOD's imperial seat,
 Heav'n's gates, fly open, when I call :
 The thought transports me ! oh how sweet
 The day when enter in I shall !

VII.

Straight forward I will push my way,
 Till, in the midst of the bright throng,
 With a glad heart, like theirs, I'll say
 The LORd, my Saviour, is my song.



The Christian Armour.

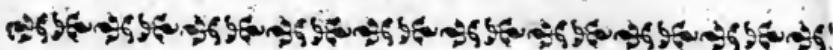
E P H. VI. 13, —— 18. Paraphrased.

To arms, to arms, for ah ! no respite's giv'd
By restless hell, to him who fights for heav'n:
The artful Foe will his advantage take,
And press you most, where most secure and weak:
To arms, (your Leader calls to arm throughout)
Guard ev'ry side, and fence from head to foot.
Our all's at stake, and the relentless Foe
To win the prize, will follow blow with blow.
If you resist, at last he'll quit the field;
But ah he's cruel, cruel if you yield.
Stand on your guard, and boldly him oppose:
For heav'n you fight : a heav'n you win or lose.
First arm your mind, and let it brightly shine
With the persuasion of all truths divine.
If loose your principles, about you, fly,
To strip you of them quite, the Foe will try :

But

But, if with fondnes, error you espouse,
He holds you fast already in his noose :
By error, he has many trophies won :
Who stands unfixt, is easily o'erthrown.
Next, to secure and fortify your breast,
Let innocence enshirn'd within it rest.
This, as a guardian Angel, will defend
Your heart, and give you constant peace of mind.
For walls of brass are not so strong a fence,
As is a conscience, arm'd with innocence.
With chearfulness, and expedition run
The race of duty, which you have begun.
Nor wander from, nor weary of the way,
Nor run precipitant, nor yet delay,
Unmov'd by toils, and tryals that may rise,
Your faith to prove, and patience exercise.
But chiefly, when you're challeng'd to the field,
Take hold of Faith's impenetrable shield ;
A shield that dares the Foe, and keeps all parts
Invulnerable from his fiery darts.
Then, from all danger to secure your head,
which much expos'd, will much protection need ;

rim it with Hope, the hope of heav'nly bliss,
When from the war discharg'd, you shall possess
The crown of life for Conquerors prepar'd :
till, whilst you fight, contemplate your reward.
rompt for defence, have you the Spirit's sword :
There is no weapon like GOD's holy word :
By this in combate, I repuls'd the foe,
And you, by this, shall fight and conquer too.
But for the happy issues of the war,
Be sure to join incessant fervent pray'r.
Pray'r has a conqu'ring force, no tongue can tell ;
Pray'r is the terror of the pow'rs of hell.
Be fine, be watchful, and attentive stand,
Observing what occurs from ev'ry hand :
Dangers may, whence you least suspect, arise,
And foes, who ly in ambush, oft surprise,
When open force is with success repell'd ;
Wise precaution, therefore, must be held
Of mighty moment, to conduct the war.
When danger's nigh, my succours shan't be far.
Be valiant, and the day with honour won
Shall you with everlasting triumphs crown.



The Life of Faith.

HOw kind's thine office, *Faith*, dear busy thin-
For me, how restless, do'st thou beat the win-
Or wafting up to heav'n, my humble~~s~~ pray'rs,
Or fetching comforts thence, to ease my cares :
Yea, in a sort, like thine original,
Fair child of light, to me, thou'rt *all in all*.
When sin, at once, pollutes me with its stains,
And fills my conscience with afflictive pains :
By *Faith*, I'm to the sacred fountain led,
Where having wash'd, I dare lift up my head
Before my judge, and tell him humbly bold,
I'm now an object which he may behold.
Lo ! here the kindness of indulgent Heav'n,
Two gifts, the best that could to men be giv'n
Christ's Blood, a fountain open'd for our sin,
And *Faith* to move the pool, and help us in.
They who all moral duties told so well,
How to remove defects could never tell.

hilosophy the means could never find,
To purge, or pacify the guilty mind.

Faith shows where the important secret lies,
The Blood of Sprinkling silenceth the cries
Of guilt, and to the wounded soul gives ease:
Cure proportion'd to the dire disease.

To the third heav'n, by Faith, I wing my flight,
Where, midst a scene of infinite delight,
See the throne of GOD sublimely rais'd!

Oh! how he is ador'd, and lov'd, and prais'd!

See the pomp, and grandure of his state!

See the glorious hosts that on him wait!

See the Lamb of God, exalted high,

Midst his redeem'd triumphant company!

See their sparkling glories, hear their songs,

Millions of raptur'd hearts, and joyful tongues!

And long for that fair morning's dawn, when I
Hall share their bliss, and join their harmony.

When the infernal foe, with dire alarms,

Affrights my soul, or when the world with charms,
Of influence yet more dangerous, does assail,

And ov'r my yielding heart would soon prevail,

Faith interposing stands in my defence,
 Maintains my peace, and guards my innocence.
 When wanton images begin to play,
 And phantoms, dress'd in airy vain array,
 Dance in my fancy, revel in my mind,
 (Where filthy prints they're sure to leave behin)
 Faith, angry such unhallow'd sport to see,
 Looks stern, and strait, the airy visions flee:
 Faith warms my heart, my drooping soul inspire
 Enflames my love, and quickens my desires,
 Gives life and vigour to pursue the prize,
 Sets ~~with~~ inviting charms, before my eyes.
 Faith animates my daily course : the spring
 Of humble, holy walking : on the wing
 Of Faith, my purify'd devotions rise,
 And bear my raptur'd soul above the skies.
 To do and suffer, Faith enables me,
 My mind, from fears, and cares preserving fre:
 Sure of acceptance, and desir'd success,
 My soul in faith, and patience I possess.
 Faith draws the vail aside, and shews the han
 Which, by a wise, omnipotent command,

conducts the long, revolving, course of things,
and, timely, in a beauteous order, brings
each new event to shew itself, and then,
the wheel turn'd round, presents another scene.
Faith hears him speak, by word, and providence,
owns the authority, and clears the sense
of what he says, or does ; and forms my heart
submissively to bear, or act my part.

Faith is the guide and guardian of my way,
Faith, round me, sheds the beams of gladsome day,
Faith, to support me, from celestial springs,
Raughts of pure living water daily brings
resenting bread, to make my meals compleat,
The bread of life, such bread as angels eat.
So, by the pillar of the fire and cloud,
With the assistance of the man of God,
Was wand'ring *Isra'l*, through the desert, led,
And, all along, with plenteous manna fed.
Lead on my guide, I'll follow thee apace,
Lead on thou friendly, all-performing Grace ;
I'll, all the perils of my journey past,
All the hard labours well sustain'd, at last,

I joyful quit the pilgrim staff, possest,
By thy kind offices, of promis'd rest.



The Excellency of Divine Love.

WHEN love from heav'n translates her seat,
and daigns

To dwell on earth, she queen of graces reigns.

Thrice blest the humble soul, where she displays
The matchless lustre of her sacred rays:

Plac'd on her throne (her throne's a flaming heart,

With joys diffus'd she gladdens ev'ry part:

The cheerful pow'r's all subject to her sway,

Court her commands, ambitious to obey.

Transcendent beauty ! first born child of light !

In heav'n there shines not any charm so bright;

And such, on earth, as thy fair image bear

Far brighter crowns, than purpl'd monarchs, wea-

For **GOD** is love ; and 'tis the loving heart

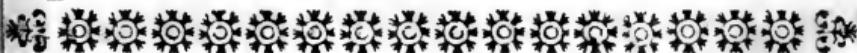
Resembles him, in the divinest part ;

There he resides, there seated on his throne,
He sheds his amiable glories down.
Were heav'n above no more, here still would be
A heav'n on earth ; heav'n in epitome ;
Where the ETERNAL dwelling, should receive
Oblations, such as holy angels give.
Where pure affections, and enflam'd desires,
The glowing ardors of seraphick fires,
With never-ceasing praises, should supply
The vacant task of the dispeopl'd sky.
O glorious virtue, let him speak thy praise,
Whose raptur'd breast felt thy divinest blaze.
★ Did heav'n's indulgent goodness grant to me,
To choose the gift for which I'd noted be :
“ Whether the heights of eloquence to reach,
“ Master of ev'ry graceful turn of speech ;
“ With force of words triumphant, to declaim ;
“ And like an angel, talk on ev'ry theme.
“ Whether, by penetrating wit, to trace
“ The Mysteries of nature, and of grace ;
G 2 “ De-

* The following Lines are a Paraphrase on 1 Cor xiii. ver. 1, 2, 3, and 13.

“ Detecting the original of things :
“ Their naked essences, and hidden springs :
“ By measure, counting out wide nature’s stores,
“ And weighing, in a ballance, all her pow’rs.
“ Whether by light prophetick, to reveal
“ The secret facts which ages past conceal,
“ Or to predict what grand events yet ly
“ Hid in the womb of dark futurity.
“ Whether, by faith, to do amazing feats ;
“ To toss the mountains off their ancient seats,
“ And by a nod, to make them fix or fly,
“ Fill up the ocean or invade the sky.
“ Whether, to be, for my great bounty fam’d,
“ And in the list of glorious martyrs nam’d ;
“ My goods all giv’n to succour the forlorn,
“ Whilst dire incircling flames my body burn.
“ Still fruitless were all my unrival’d parts,
“ Vain my donations, vain my wond’rous arts,
“ And ev’n my martyrdom itself would be
“ Vain, vain, O Love ! mere nothing without the
“ Tho’ noisy fame, with loud and rattling sound,
“ Might hurl my Name, the wond’ring world, around
“ Ye

Yet, love unmention'd, all her tale would raise
But tinsel honour, and a tink'ling praise.
Love is the sum of all that's good and great :
On love all the fair sister-graces wait :
Ev'n faith and hope, tho' second in renown,
To love pay homage, and her empire own.
When faith and hope mortality confess,
And die, just grasping everlasting bliss,
Love deathless mounts, and opens wide her breast,
To be of an immortal heav'n possest.



The Pleasure of Divine Love.

Tis sweet, in raptures of seraphick love,
To ly dissolv'd, and taste the joys above.
With an enlārg'd rejoicing soul to know
How much of heav'n can be enjoy'd below.
Mistaken men, who know no joys above,
The momentany gusts of sensual love,
By lavish praises, fondly would persuade
There are no higher pleasures to be had.

Ah! what a pity 'tis, such noble strains
Of wit, and verse, refin'd with so much pains,
Should prostituted be to fan the fire,
And paint the harlot-face of lewd desire.
Oh *Dryden* sure I'd never thee forgive,
Should I thy latest memory survive,
Who lavish of such stores of native sense,
Thy charming numbers, wit and eloquence,
Trifles so worthless, and profane could'st choose
To be the themes, and scandals of your muse.
Had you but try'd religion to adorn,
Religion which you've treated with such scorn;
By praising this, had you sought to be prais'd,
The monuments by your great genius rais'd,
Immortal honour to your name had won,
And spread your virtue's with your wit's renown:
Whilst now you're blacken'd by your own fair pen,
The best of poets, but the worst of men.
Blest be an *Herbert*, *Norris*, *Watts* divine,
A *Blackmore* too, whose names distinguish'd shine,
For sacred, virtuous, ever-honour'd verse,
Which saints may read, and virgin-souls rehearse.

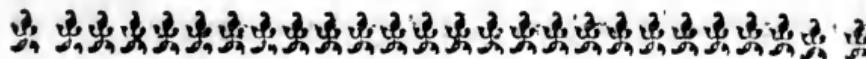
Ah

Oh ! that a Waller's pen that wrote so well,
 Only, on themes divine, should not excel.
 He tells the cause : but who excuse it can ?
 His muse had spent her strength, e'er she began
 To try celestial flights : yet chastity
 Adorns his verse, as much as harmony.
 For ever lasts the lofty Milton's praise ;
 And Cowley's too, for unpolluted lays.
 Great Addison, while light, to read him, shines,
 Shall be admir'd for chast majestick lines.
 Prior is virtuous, and polite, nor shall
 The garland from his honour'd temples fall.
 Pope is the muse's darling, and their pride,
 No charm of numbers him they have deny'd.
 Oh ! had he more like the * *Messias* wrote,
 † *Iliad* had but the next applause got.
 Let Young's ‡ *Last Day* his muse for ever crown,
 For homage to religion's merit shown.
 So strong, so sparkling, his exalted lays !
 I read with pleasure, and with pleasure praise.

But

* A Poem written by Mr. Pope, called the *Messias*.|| Mr. Pope's Translation of Homer's *Iliad*.† A Poem written by Mr. Young, called the *Last Day*.

But curst be he, who the *Circassian* wrote,
 Perish his fame, contempt be all his lot,
 Who boldly durst, with execrable pains,
 Turn holy myst'ries into impious scenes.
 Oh! did the seeds of the celestial fire,
 To reach the true sublime, my soul inspire,
 My brightest pow'rs I'd summon to reveal
 The joys, O Love divine, in thee, I feel.
 Tho' mortal language never can express
 What dear, transporting pleasures I possess,
 Whilst melting, in thy purest flames, I ly,
 And vy with angels for felicity.



The Transport.

I.

O Charming object of desires!
 The greatest and the best!
 Tow'rds thee, O God, my soul aspires,
 The center of her rest.

O ami-

II.

O amiable G O D of love !
In thee what beauties shine !
My thoughts, in sweet confusion, rove,
My views are all divine.

III.

Seraph and Cherub, at they feet,
In blest amazement ly !
Whilst straight thy glories on them beat,
They melt in extasy !

IV.

At humbler distance plac'd, I see
The splendors of thy throne.
But ah ! the scene's too bright for me,
L O R D , let me hence be gone.

V.

Surprise upon surprise alarms
My raptur'd soul, whilst she
Beholds the glances of thy charms,
The light'nings shoot from thee.

VI. A.

V I.

Around me, dazzling glory reigns,
 Fierce joys o'erflow my heart !
 Immortal life beats in my veins :
 My pow'rs convulsive start !

V II.

O GOD my GOD ! too strong's the charge
 Of such delight as this !
 My heart, O strengthen, and enlarge,
 Or, I am kill'd with bliss.

Real Intercourse.

W E A K are all reasons, all objections vain,
 That can be urg'd against experience plai
 Persuade me, that I no existence have
 As soon you may, as make me disbelieve
 The truth of that, so oft; repeated bliss
 I in communion with my GOD, possess.

You know it not, is that a reason why
You must what others know so well deny ?
Shall he who never saw the light, contend
That all mankind, as well as he, are blind ?
The paths of sin, you say, with joys abound,
And must there none in virtue's road be found ?
Shall he who serves his GOD with zealous care,
Worse than the impious bold transgressor fare ?
Can so absurd a thought, by any mind,
Say sceptick, ev'n thine own, be entertain'd ?
The restless tempter, vers'd in laying snares,
To catch his prey nor art, nor labour spares.
And shall not the great principle of love,
To succour holy minds as active prove ?
Whence else these torrents of divine delight,
These rapt'rous joys, rais'd to extatick height,
Which saints have, oft, in spight of pain, express'd,
And martyrs, in the raging flames, confess ?
And why mayn't the same source of bliss impart,
Some of its smaller streams, to glad the heart
That, humbly, strives in virtue to improve,
And burns a martyr, in the flames of love ?

But

But let the sceptick world still cavil on,
 Whilst better things, my soul, by thee are known,
 With ardent votes, thine own dear bliss pursue,
 And after one enjoyment urge a new.

Till, thou, from drinking of the streams, art laid
 To drink luxurious, at the fountain-head :
 And full of bliss divine, stor'd with the load
 Of glory issuing from th' all-glorious GOD,
 Shall ever wond'ring, ever praising ly,
 And hug the rapt'rous joys of immortality !



Holy Dread.

CAN I, in truth believe, a GOD to be
 Without adoring his dread majesty ?
 Reigns he exalted with almighty sway,
 And shall I fearless be to disobey ?
 Tho' sense of danger did me not controul,
 A more ingenuous force would move my soul ;
 And make me tremble to be base, tho' I
 Might be audacious, with impunity.

A parent's frown I never could sustain ;
A friend's displeasure ever gives me pain ;
Tow'rd's G O D, then, shall I more effronted prove,
Outbrave his terrors, slight his dearest love,
And, by a senseless, daring licence, show
I neither gratitude, nor rev'rence know ?

No, no, my G O D, the mighty dread of thee
Maintain'd and cherish'd in my breast shall be :
Collected round my heart, I'll keep it there
An antidote against all other fear.
Such shining prints of excellence display'd
Are seen in all the works which thou hast made,
That look I upward, downward, or around,
I can't but thee regard with dread profound !
But when, thy great perfections to descry,
I dart my thought beyond the vaulted sky ;
When midst celestial hosts my self I place,
To view the radiant glories of thy face,
Ah ! how I faint, and sink beneath the weight
Of daunting Majesty, and dazzling light !
And yet my most affecting dread of thee
Still is, my G O D, from perturbation free.

It bends my spirit with a pleasant load !
 Ev'n heav'n would not be heav'n without the dread
 of G o d .



On the same Subject.

I.

How great ! how marvellous, Almighty G o d !
 Are all the Works of thy stupend'ous pow'r
 Who, in survey of them, can look abroad,
 And cease th' all-glorious Author to adore ?

II.

Who would not stoop and homage pay to thee,
 O King of Saints ! to whom belongs all fear ?
 When angels bow, shall men presumptuous, be
 More boldly daring than ev'n devils are ?

III.

Dread sov'reign of the universe, if thou
 Look'st angry down, all frightened nature shakes !
 And shall a heart, like mine, refuse to bow
 Before the arm that rocks, like rufhes breaks ?

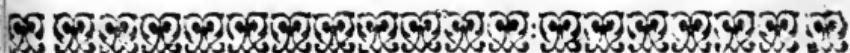
IV.

IV.

Dread O God tremendous ! humbly lo ! I ly,
And dread thee, from the bottom of my soul.
The terrors of thy awful majesty
Down to the center of my being roll.

V.

God O God, my God, still may I thee adore,
And feel my heart bend with the awful weight
of dread, tremendous as the thunder's roar,
But soft, and harmless as the morning light.

*Desire.*

No r all within the world's extended frame,
Can fill my soul's embrace, or quench her
flame.

Bid hungry men on painted dainties feast ;
With golden dreams the miser fill his chest,
As well as tell my soul, she may obtain
Content in things, which are themselves so vain.

Great GOD ! to thee my tow'ring wishes rise,
 My hopes ambitious mount above the skies ;
 Thy self, a good immense, my soul pursues,
 Nor can she rest content with meaner views.

But ah ! the disadvantage of my state ;
 How long shall I a poor expectant wait,
 Excluded from these wealthy stores of blis's
 I longing see, but can't alas ! possess ?

So looks the weary pris'ner through the grate
 (And much bewails his miserable fate,) .

On spacious fields, at distance, beautify'd,
 With sweets of liberty, to him deny'd.

O happy day, when from her chains set free
 My joyful soul begins her jubile !

When panting, and impatient of delay,
 Tow'rds GOD, her chiefest good, she wings her
 way ;

Till in his bosom, with reclining head,
 At life's pure overflowing fountain laid,
 She takes in streams of bliss, at ev'ry draught,
 Large as her wish, and boundless as her thought.
 How happy, then, shall be my ravish'd heart !
 How throng'd with joys each glad exulting part
 Whilst

Whilst, still, as she drinks in the flowing store,
My soul grows wider to drink more and more.



Imitation.

HO w charming fair the god-like soul does
shine,

In the array of graces all divine !

Such are the natives of celestial light,

Such *Adam* was, whilst he, new-stamp'd and bright,
The glorious image of his maker, bore.

And all the creatures did his form adore.

On wood or canvas, with the help of paint,

The blest Divinity to represent,

Is the attempt of vain and impious art,

His image only shines upon the heart.

Upon my heart, my God, with humble care,

I'll try to copy thy perfections fair,

The beauteous form I'll heighten ev'ry day,

Each grace improving, bright'ning ev'ry ray,

Till I have quite shook off mortality,
Transform'd throughout, and all divine like thee.
How fair's the pattern! how familiar too,
Set, by my dear Redeemer, in my view!
Where all the graces of the life divine,
In charming splendor, without dazzling shine.
Great miracles he wrought, but more than these,
His glorious virtues admiration raise.
Virtues, which shew how GOD, beneath the veil,
Of humane form, can in perfection dwell.
Virtues, which copy'd out upon the mind,
The pow'r of working wonders far transcend.
O GOD, my Saviour, help me by thy grace,
These matchless virtues of thy life to trace:
Till I have reach'd perfection's glorious height,
Led by thy fair example's shining light.



Purity

Purity.

THIS heart that purg'd from low and vile
fires,

Glows with the ardor of seraphick fires;

The pious soul that, with aspiring views,

Sublimer heights of virtue still pursues;

Shall, timely, reach the lofty blest abode;

And be admitted to the sight of GOD.

O charming purity ! illustrious grace !

What god-like beauty sparkles in thy face !

In radiant orbs, crown'd with thy rays divine,

Finish'd in glory, saints and angels shine.

Yea GOD all-glorious, in himself, can see

No fairer charm than his own purity ;

No brighter jewel sparkles in his crown !

No pow'r diviner props his royal throne ;

His purity darts the divinest blaze,

And lustre adds to all his other rays.

O that

O that my soul, purg'd from the base alloy
 Of ev'ry vile desire, and tainted joy,
 Had reach'd these heights of purity divine,
 Which in my eyes with charms attractive, shine !
 Then meet for heav'n, and the dear company
 Of spotless angels, meet for seeing thee,
Father of lights, I'll joyful mount on high,
 And leave a world, below, drench'd in impurity.



In Allusion to Isaiah vi. ver. 1, to 7.

I.

Look up, my soul, to yon empyreal heav'n;
 Through interposing clouds lift up thine eye
 The eye of faith, to serve thee, kindly giv'n
 Where sense grows blind, and nothing can descry

II.

See ! how exalted on a lofty throne
 Th' **A L M I C H T Y** shines in glorious awful state !
 Oh ! see the rays that sparkle from his crown,
 Dazzling the eyes of hosts that on him wait !

III. See

III.

See, see ! what dread their humble posture speaks,
Whilst prostrate and abash'd they wond'ring ly !
See ! how the sympathising temple shakes,
Whilst holy, holy, holy L O R D they cry.

IV.

Ah ! vile, polluted soul of mine, can'st thou
Hope e'er to come, where such pure glories dwell ?
Can'st thou the face of great J E H O V A H view ?
Thy tongue his name ineffable reveal !

V.

O some kind seraph of the heav'nly throng,
Fly, with the unction of celestial fire,
And my polluted heart, and eyes, and tongue,
For work so sacred, hallow and inspire.



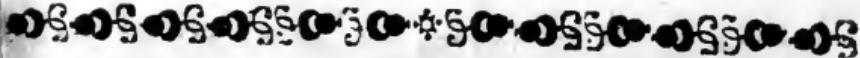
Zeal.



Zeal.

HE's a true hero who, with holy rage,
Dares to engage the vices of the age:
Who fenc'd about, with his own flaming zeal,
Proclaims, and wages daily war with hell.
Who, dear religion's int'rest to maintain,
Boldly encounters peril, toil, and pain;
And thinks the greatest hazards small, to show
How much he dares for GOD, and goodness do.
But men alas! in these revolting times,
As destitute of zeal, as full of crimes,
To act for GOD, find neither heart nor hand,
Zeal's fled, and reformation's at a stand.
Some furious breasts, their passion's wild-fire spue
Vesuvius-like, and think great zeal they shew,
When they devouring storms and thunders raise,
And set the world about them in a blaze.
Unhappy men! by dire pretexts of zeal,
To minister to the designs of hell;

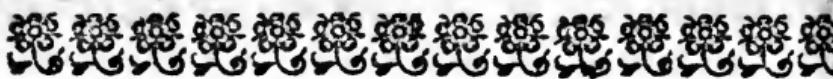
And hand about, of plagues a brimful cup ;
Our zeal should eat our selves, not others up.
Tho' less their mischief, equal's their mistake,
Who peevishness for zeal's refinement take ;
Break squares with all mankind, because they won't
Agree with them, in each minutest point.
Such minds too narrow are for zeal's embrace,
Where charity obtains so little place.
GOOD L O R D ! inform my mind, my heart inspite
With zeal, made up of equal light and fire :
And when the int'rests of thy glory call,
May I rejoice to venture life and all.



Humility.

THE humble man can, like the osier, bend
And scorn the blasts which haughty spirits
rend ;
By yielding, conquer ; by submission, rise ;
Forgive, and triumph o'er his enemies.

Meekly, he can sustain unkind neglect,
 Affronts repay, with unconstrain'd respect;
 And when worst treated, with a pow'rful sway
 Controul his passions, and their rage allay.
 So lived the son of GOD, such was the road
 Of self-denial he divinely trode.
 And such must all that follow JESUS be,
 From arrogance ev'n scrupulously free.
 Behold, dear Saviour! witness what I say,
 My soul submissive at thy feet I lay,
 Ambitious, LORD, thy humble life to trace,
 Humility thy most distinguish'd grace,
 The Image of thy soul, and picture of thy face.



The Humility and Meekness of Christ

BEHOLD ! how humbly the meek JESUS walks!

Behold ! how freely with poor men he talks !
 No supercilious airs, to bend his brow !
 No haughty looks that say, --- Your distance kn

The publicans, and sinners round him crowd,
Welcome to be by his advice made good.
To him the sick, blind, deaf, and dumb repair,
His rich compassions, and his cures to share.
No fee expensive, or unkind delay
Rebates their hopes, or sends them sad away ;
But, soon as sought, the favour is bestow'd ;
And, freely, he gives all, who nothing ow'd.
Observe the places of his chief resort,
The humble cottages, and not the court.
No roof so mean, but he his head can bow
To enter, his kind blessing to bestow :
No food so coarse, but he his share can take,
Pleas'd, of a morsel, oft, a meal to make :
No company so vile, but he can join,
To entertain them with discourse divine ;
Sure, wheresoe'er he enters as a guest,
To pay an earthly, with a heav'nly feast.
No garb he wore, with broad phylacteries,
To speak him very holy and precise :
But with his pure, unfeign'd simplicity,
A homely, seamless coat does more agree.

No equipage he had, nor badge of state,
To speak him of the number of the *great* ;
But with a lowly port, and humble train
Of twelve mean-born, and undistinguish'd men,
On foot, he traverseth the land, and shows
Vain earthly pomp revers'd, where'er he goes.
Weary, and hungry, destitute of food,
But what consisted in his *doing good*,
From charitable friends he waits relief,
To sorrows train'd, acquainted well with grief.
In useful labours, having spent the day,
Unless, at night, he went apart to pray,
Where he was lodg'd, where shelter'd from the cold
Of night's injurious damps, we are not told ;
For house, his own, he had not, nor a bed
Where he, at night, might lean his weary head.
Injurious wretches whet their impious tongues,
And add reproaches to his other wrongs.
Ah ! daring impudence ! hark ! he's blasphem'd,
A glutton, drunkard, and a devil nam'd !
Yet calm, and unprovok'd, he still replies,
And only the malicious charge denies.

Oft as he spoke, what balm his lips diffus'd !
But satyr, and inventivē never us'd.
But when the hypocrite his zeal arraigns,
And woes pronounceth on iniquous gains,
How solemn ! how tremendous ! then, his speech,
T' alarm the conscience of the guilty wretch !
What wond'rous things he did, no tongue can tell,
Yet ostentation never could prevail,
To make him work one miracle, to raise
Fame to himself, or curious eyes to please.
But see the self-abasement of his soul !
Girding himself round, with the servile tow'l,
Whilst pour'd out water, in the bason, flows,
To wash his own disciples feet he bows !
And to compleat the humble action, daigns
To wipe them, with the same obliging pains.
Oh ! humble J E S U S , may my soul, by thee,
Thus wash'd, and wip'd from sin's pollutions be.
And may I, taught by thy example, show
No act of christian friendship is so low,
But what to practise I can chearful bow.

But see him, now, engag'd in the last scenes,
 Which, to a pitch, screw up his woes and pains ?
 Is there a word or look (let malice boast)
 To speak his mind disturb'd, or temper lost ?
 Led, like the harmless lamb, to slaughter doom'd,
 Or, as the sheep, before her shearer, dumb ;
 So, tamely, he submits to cruel death,
 And speaks his meekness out with his last breath.



The Admiration.

I.

BEHOLD ! with wonder, heav'n and earth !
 The son of GOD becomes a man !
 Surprizing tale ! amazing birth !
 Can he stoop lower ? yes he can.

II.

Behold ! him fix'd on a curs'd tree,
 Where thousand, thousand deaths him kill !
 Say, is not this humility ?
 Stupend'ous ! Ask once more I will.

III. Fo

III.

For whom stoop'd he so low? For man,
To save him from an endless hell;
Such prodigies ye angels scan,
To me they're inconceivable!

IV.

But say, my heart, what wilt thou give
To him, who stoop'd so low for thee?
I'll giye my all, and, while I live,
I'll copy his humility.

Patience.

HE who with patience bears each heavy load,
Impos'd, by the all-wise, almighty GOD;
Who close besieg'd with dire invading pains,
His temper, and decorum still retains,
May, justly, claim a place for his great name
Mongst the first hero's in the list of fame.
Such true unshaken fortitude of soul,
Which no incumbent pressures can controul;

Exalts him higher, than the loud renown
Of kingdoms conquer'd, or of battles won.

Hear how the man, for patience justly fam'd,

By heav'n applauded for a life unblam'd ;

Hear how the dismal tidings he receives,

(Whilst thick they come, like waves pursu'd by waves ;)

Till, in conclusion, *all is lost*, he hears !

Observe, how bravely he the ruin bears !

Low, on the ground, his humbl'd head he lays,

And then, adoring, to his Maker says,

“ Naked I came out of my mother's womb,

“ Naked shall go to my eternal home ;

“ Almighty G O D enrich'd me with his loan,

“ And, at his term, he has recall'd his own,

“ Blest be the name of G O D, who both hath done. }

Heroick patience, such as shall proclaim,

Through ages all, good Job, thy honour'd name.

But patience, without *grace*, is meer pretence ;

A stubborn nature, or a stupid sense :

And those fam'd wise, who did all pain deride,

In lieu of real patience, swell'd with pride.

True patience, only, lodges in the soul,
Where grace divine, the passions, does controul;
Where love to GOD, submission to his will,
A secret joy his pleasure to fulfil,
Soothing the heart, and soft'ning the disease,
Supports the mind in pain, with hope of ease.
Hope is the soul of patience: hope inspires
The christian suff'rer: hope, amidst the fires,
Smiling on the pious martyr's brow,
And makes him scorn the worst that death can do.
Such was the hope inspir'd th' apostle's breast,
And made him shew to martyrdom such haste,
When, to his anxious friends, unmov'd, he says
‘ What mean you, by your tears, and urg'd delays,
‘ To give me greater pain, than I can feel,
‘ In dying for my L O R D, I love so well?
O GOD of hope and patience make me know,
When trials come, what 'tis to suffer so:
May hope in thee, and prospect of relief,
Preserve me patient, under all my grief:
May C H R I S T 's example, ever in my eye,
Direct me, patient, both to live and dye.

Hope.



Hope.

I.

HOPE is the breast, by which sustain'd
I was, in my first tender years,
Hope is the staff, on which, I lean'd,
When, first, I trode the path of cares:

II.

A daring infant, then a man,
By hope made bold, with open eyes,
I ventur'd, and life's gantlop ran,
And yet am sav'd to my surprise.

III.

Hope is to me a sun and shield,
Light and protection to me brings:
When troops of danger fill the field,
Hope, to surmount them, gives me wings.

IV. Hope

I V.

Hope is the chariot of my soul,
In which, with lofty port, she rides,
Up-hill her wheels as swiftly roll,
As down the torrent's rapid tides.

V.

Yea, hope can mount above the skies,
And travel o'er the fields of bliss,
And, as she casts all round her eyes,
Say, Soul admire ! thy kingdom this !

VI.

My daily food hope still has been,
Each morning's manna fresh and good;
On hope I live: they little ken
Who say that hope is airy food.

VII.

But hope I mean, in GOD alone,
For he the weight of hope can bear ;
When other props we trust, they're gone,
And we sink, with them, in despair.

VIII. Hope

VIII.

Hope fix'd on J e s u s , and his grace,
 J e s u s my never failing friend,
 Who holds the chain of promises,
 And bids my hope on them depend.

IX.

O G o d , my G o d , the hope, and guide,
 Both of my youth and riper years;
 In thee I have, and will confide,
 Till hope me to fruition bears.

*Contentment.*

W E L L , pevish heart, come, now, I give the
 vent,
 Speak out, for once, the ground of thy complaint,
 Tell freely what's thy grudge, and only bear
 An answer, calmly, in thy turn, to hear.
 Thou'rt vex'd, thou say'st, with cross events, and
 griev'd,

With fruitless labours, and with hopes deceiv'd :

T

The stubborn course of things gainsays thy will ;
Thy fate is to be contradicted still :
Whilst, others, who find providence more kind,
Live always gay, and sail before the wind.
This is the sum of what thy discontent,
Has to object : a very vain complaint.
For pray, my heart, tell who's the man that knows,
Or ever knew a life exem'd from woes :
Down from the prince, with royal purple grac'd,
To the poor begger, on the dunghill plac'd,
Ask, if there can be found a man to say
His joys of life, admit of no allay.
But thou art brought, thou think'st, to such a pass,
That scarce the like, or is, or ever was.
O vast mistake ! look round the world, and see
How many thousands of mankind there be,
Who gladly would change lots with thee, and hate
One half the blessings of thy better state.
How many groan, whilst tugging at the oar ?
Whilst digging in the mine, how many more ?
What numbers wasting on a sick-bed ly ?
Or helpless mourn their wretched poverty ?

How

How many bear the torture of the stone,
Or loss of limbs, or dearer friends bemoan?
Make the survey, my heart, and dare complain,
If ought ingen'ous does in thee remain.
Say, hast thou ever wanted what might be
Enough, thy just desires to satisfy?
Were e're they wants, when pressing, unsupply'd?
Was e'er they morsel, in its time, deny'd?
And by what tye, pray, tell upon what score
Was providence oblig'd to furnish more?
Nature is modest, and with little pleas'd;
Much the demand is, of a mind diseas'd,
Whose wishes, like the dire hydrophy, rise
More eager, as they're fed with new supplies.
And, why so fond of things that are so vain,
Shadows of pleasure, a phantastick train,
That, still, the more they're valu'd, and pursu'd;
Fly your embraces, and your hopes delude?
Content can ne'er be found in earthly things;
But takes its rise from much diviner springs.
A soul that pays a just regard to heav'n,
Trusts GOD, and keeps the passions smooth and ev'

That things, by their true worth, does wisely rate,
And weighs the *present* with the *future* state ;
That state, where he with Jesus shall obtain
The solid bliss which, here, is sought in vain;
Such is the man who true content may claim,
And boast, he knows more of it than the name.
Whilst 'tis in vain, to hope, or to essay,
To reach the high attainment, by another-way.



The Apostle Paul's Contentment,

In Imitation of Phil. iv. 11, 12, 13.

I.

GR E A T is the boast, but free of pride!

Observe, and copy what he says :

What he proclaims, he, oft, had try'd,

And tells it, to his master's praise.

I I.

Content's the lesson I have learn'd :

A Master of the happy art:

K

I6

If inward, were my breast discern'd,
You'd see it, written on my heart.

III.

Content, in ev'ry state, I boast.
My G O D do with me, what he will:
When all shall say, the man is lost:
Not so, I'll say: content I'm still.

IV.

Raise me on high, or cast me down,
Or give me nothing, or give all;
No change shall, in my mind, be known;
Content can neither rise, nor fall.

V.

O wond'rous man! whence was you taught
This wond'rous art? one word will show,
C H R I S T, matchless C H R I S T! (for I am nought)
But I, through C H R I S T, can all things do.



Re-

*Resignation.*

A S, to the potter, yields the passive clay ;
As, to the chanter's voice, th' obsequious lay ;
So, when, at first, the great Creator spoke,
Things into being, life, and form awoke.

O G O D ! my Maker, I the pow'r adore
From which I sprung, who nothing was before.
To thee, with willing mind, I'll subject be,
And make free choice, vie with necessity.
Resign'd, my G O D , to thy disposing will,
I'll joy, when I thy purposes fulfil :
Happy, if I can serve thy least intent,
Pay homage to thy will, by my consent,
And with a soul submissive undergo,
Whate'er I'm call'd to suffer, or to do.
All murmur'ring thoughts, ('like criminal and vain)
Shall be suppress'd : shall I dare to arraign
Thy sov'reign conduct ? shall I tell to thee
What's fit and proper to be done with me ?

No, no my God, whilst I a being have,
 Thou shalt the homage of my faith receive :
 To thee surrend'ring all my interests dear,
 Sure of the blessed issue of thy care,
 With mind assur'd, I'll resolutely go
 Through all the various risque of fate below.
 What? tho' the voyage of my life should be
 A constant tossing on a stormy sea.
 What? tho' I should on some dire rock be blown,
 And seem to all spectators quite undone :
 Yet well I know, that after all, by thee
 My shipwrack'd int'rests gather'd up shall be
 Safe and intire, on that pacifick shore,
 Where, cross adventures I shall fear no more.



Christ's Resignation.

I.

F^LA^TE on the ground, amaz'd he lies !
 Thrice falling, thrice implores relief !
 " Father, if possible, he cries
 " Pity thy son, and ease my grief !

II. This

II.

This cup, this dismal cup of woe,
Which, now I drink, confounds my soul!
Ah! mayn't this cup yet from me go?
Must I exhaust the poison'd bowl?

III.

O Father, since it is thy will,
thy obedient son resign;
Tho' thousand deaths this cup do fill,
I'll drink it off: thy will is mine.

IV.

Hear'st thou, my soul, and shalt thou e'er
Thy trifling griefs again lament?
Shall ever thy Redeemer hear
Thee breathe, in secret, one complaint?

V.

O G O D, my Saviour form my mind
To do, and suffer for thy sake:
Give me a heart, to thee resign'd,
Or may it, L O R D; unpity'd break.



• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Self-valuation.

I.

SINK, sink, to nothing sink vain man,
Blind be thy self-admiring eye.
The whole amount of thy estate,
Is emptiness and vanity.

II.

Resign to GOD, what he has giv'n,
And what, behind, remains thine own?
Nothing.— And can'st thou strut to see
Thy valu'd self a cypher shown?

III.

Take back thy being ; what as thine,
Besides thy countless sins, remains?
And can'st thou foolish, pride thy self
In viewing thine own ugly stains?

IV.

Thy boast is reason ; think how far
An angel's eye, and dev'l's too.

Can look beyond thy sight, which can't
The atom to the bottom view.

V.

Or strength, nor beauty can resist
Th' assailing fever's fiery rage :
And, tho' no sickness should invade,
They are the spoils of conqu'ring age !

VI.

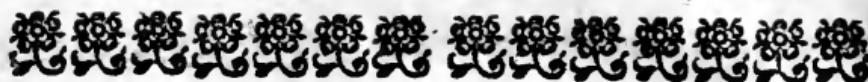
Look to the womb, where first you lodg'd,
Midst darkness and obscurity ;
Look to the grave, where you again
More humbl'd in the dust shall ly.

VII.

A worm-like embrio was thy rise ;
An heap of worms, thine end shall be ;
For shame, man, strip thy self of pride,
And be not vain of vanity.

THE
END

Da-



Doing Good.

O All-divine the pleasure is that lies
 In doing good, the god-like exercise
 Of generous souls, ambitious to possess
 The best perfection, and the highest bliss !
 Justice is creeping, gratitude is low ;
 Good undeserv'd, yea good, for ill, to do
 Marks out the noble path, the sphere divine,
 In which heroick friendship loves to shine.
 But ah ! with tears of blood we may complain ;
 That few such god-like men are to be seen.
 Tho' J E S U S has the bright example set,
 In doing good, who does him imitate ?
 Men all within themselves contracted now,
 Friendship, as an impertinence forego :
 So rare the acts of generous charity,
 A favour 'tis uninjur'd, now, to be.
 Ah ! times the worst, since time a being had !
 Ah ! sacred friendship, whither art thou fled ?

Is hatred made the badge of christian life ?
Are the baptismal waters those of *strife* ?
Oh ! for the day, when exil'd love return'd,
Shall glad the earth, which long her absence mourn'd
What blisful scenes, shall in her presence rise !
Earth shall be turn'd into a paradise !
Mankind like angels live ; celestial peace
Shall ev'ry where display her beauteous face !
The lyon shall his wonted prey defend ;
The ravages of boars and tigers end ;
The harmless wolf, shall, with the lamb ly down ;
The leopard and kid familiar grown,
Shall sport together, on the peaceful field,
And fierce barbarity to meekness yield.
Mankind, the art of war forgot, shall show
A nobler contest, whilst each to out-do.
Each other strives, in victories of love,
And earth below, vies with the heav'n above.





Christ the Benefactor.

I.

When heav'n resolv'd with kind intent,
Its richest bounty to express,
Jesus, the almoner was sent
With open hand to give and bless.

II.

As shines the light, as falls the rain,
As mother-earth gives all their food;
So did the loving Jesus daign
To come, the world's great commonon-good.

III.

Oh how he lov'd ! oh how he dealt,
With liberal hand, his blessings round !
In him a God-head's goodness dwelt
And sought more objects than it found.

IV.

With arms expanded, weeping eyes,
A voice accented sweet and loud,

Con.

Come, come to me, come all, he cries,
And share me as your common-good.

V.

O matchless lover ! glorious friend !
May heav'n, and earth still sound thy praise !
Jesus tb' incomparably kind !
Accent their everlasting lays.

*Prayer.*

HOW sweet 'tis to the heart oppress'd with care
To pour its sorrows out, in humble prayer !
Before the throne of grace, to vent its moans,
Relief imploring by pathetick groans !
Half eas'd it thinks it self of all its pain,
When it has got the freedom to complain ;
And, now, it, quickly, feels no more the load
Transferr'd by supplication on its God.
O blissful pray'r ! the humble saint's employ,
His daily exercise and daily joy : }

Which

Which to preserve, I frankly would resign
 Ten thousand crowns and scepters were they mine.
 How oft have I, by humble fervent Prayer,
 (Whilst faith and love her wing'd assistants were,)
 Been born aloft to the sublime abode,
 Which shines enlighten'd with the smiles of G O D,
 Whence, charg'd with joys divine, I have return'd
 And ev'ry life, but that of angels, scorn'd ?

H E A R E R of P R A Y ' R S ! at whose right Hand
 in state

Enthron'd sits J E S U S my dear Advocate,
 To thee let my addresses find access,
 And still I'll my felicity confess.

What tho' the rage of foes should send me far,
 From all my friends, all my acquaintance dear.
 What tho', to some wild solitude confin'd,
 I should be banish'd from all humane kind ;
 Yet quite forlorn my state I'll ne'er account,
 Whilst I, by pray'r, to heav'n, can freely mount.
 Of want of friends, or freedom ne'er complain,
 Whilst with my G O D, I converse can maintain.
 But ah ! 'tis bondage, banishment, and all
 The mischiefs that can any wretch befal,

Whe

When guilt lies pressing with a conscious load,
And makes me blush to lift my face to G O D :
Then, then, I'm banish'd to the gates of hell,
And what my torments are, no tongue can tell.
But, if from this one direful ill kept free,
No place can, in the world, be strange to me.
Through the whole universe, if forc'd to roam,
Where e'er my G O D is, I can find my home;
Content and happy (keep but sin away)
I ev'ry where can live, where I can pray.

ON THE JEWEL OF FAITH.



Faith Begging.

I.

A Begger, L O R D, knocks at thy gate,
A beggar known to be
As shameless, as importunate,
In asking her supply.

II.

L O R D hear the begging voice of faith,
Regard her looks and cries:

For she will beg, while she has breath ;
 Look up, while she has eyes.

III.

Thou L O R D of all art rich, be kind,
 Stretch forth thine hand, and say,
 The poor, in me, ne'er want a friend,
 Take this, and go thy way.

I V.

But, L O R D, when this I've got, I want
 Straight a new alms from thee ;
 And like the begger, I must haunt
 The door that's kind to me.

V.

Beg on, my faith, the good L O R D hears,
 He won't offended be :
 Thy cries are musick, in his ears,
 His bowels plead for thee.



Fait

*Faith Enriching.*

I.

MAKE room, my soul, fresh blessings come
From heav'n's remote, but wealthy stores ;
The hand of faith, lo ! brings them home ;
And only to hoard up is yours.

II.

How rich, my soul, soon must thou grow ?
How wond'rous rich ! if lasts this trade :
If faith her voyages thus go,
Thou'rt, for a world eternal, made !

III.

Up then my faith, no travel spare,
To the celestial Indies haste :
Again, and yet again, fly there :
The golden season won't ay last.

IV.

Who asks the price that faith does take,
To buy the merchandise of heav'n ?
Nothing : but, when, for Jesus' sake,
She asks, she has all gratis giv'n.



Praise.

I.

How rapt'rous! how divinely sweet the joy
Of heav'nly minds, whom praises still em-
ploy!

When I, on wings of faith and love,
For a few moments mount above
Earth's gloomy surface; and but try
To emulate their harmony;
The world below I quite forget,
A being of another state
My self I strait conceive to be,
Tasting of immortality,
Whilst my exulting soul, my **GOD**, sings praise to
thee!

II.

O could I nature's knot untie,
And leave this clog of flesh behind!

O could I mount above the sky,
Tow'ring with a joyful mind !
Before the gates of paradise,
Where happy saints and angels praise,
Dissolv'd in heav'nly extasies,
I'd ly, and listen to their lays ;
And with them harmonize !

III.

Yea hark ! methinks I hear their song,
Melting sweet ! transporting strong !
With one compounded soul and vote,
With one harmonious solemn note,
They make the heav'nly dome resound !
And echo halleluja, halleluja round !

IV.

Oh ! happy long'd-for day, when I
Shall join their blissful harmony !
And mingle my glad notes of praise,
With their triumphant louder lays !
Tho' meanest in the choir I be,
Yet none, shall me in zeal outv'y :

With ev'ry note, with ev'ry lay,
 I'll breathe my raptur'd soul away :
 And whilst eternal ages run, persist
 Unweary'd in the task, by which I'm blest.



Psal. 139. paraphras'd from I. to 19.

I.

O M N I S C I E N T mind, whose ever-waking eye
 Does all thy fair *creation* still survey :
 Tho' I'm but like an atom there,
 Unworthy of thy thought or care,
 Yet, to regard me thou do'st bow,
 Where e'er I am, where e'er I go,
 Whate'er I think, whate'er I doe,
 Whether I sleep, whether I wake,
 Whether I silence keep, or speak,
 Or rise I up, or ly I down,
 Or chuse to sit, or to be gone,
 Still all my thoughts, and words, and actions are
 By thee minutely known, to thee all-thorow clear.

But

But how these all-observing views of thine
Are form'd; how in thy intellect divine
All objects meet at once; how thou do'st see
Distinctly, in the twinkling of an eye,
All that or was, or is, or e'er shall be;
A myst'ry is, which my weak mind,
With reverence, must adore, but cannot comprehend.

F I.

Eternal and Immense !

What point in the wide universe shall I
Imagine, where I may remotest ly,
From thy almighty arm, from thy omniscient eye?

In heav'n shall I seek this retreat?

Heav'n of thy empire is the seat;

Refulgent there, thy glory shines,

The center of its radiant lines,

Which blaze o'er all the world abroad;

There, in full splendor of a G O D

Thou reign'st, with an immensity of state!

In lower regions shall I seek a cell?

The deepest and the darkest one in hell,

Where

Where wrapt in shades of everlasting night,
Shades that ne'er felt one mingling ray of light,

I may forgotten dwell?

No, no the hideous yell

And howling of the neighbourhood,

Thy dire approaches would proclaim aloud;

And make my trembling heart soon know,

Thou'rt present, with a vengeance in the shades

below.

III.

Come, I'm array'd, on right and left,

With wings, swift as the morning light;

I'll clap, and take my daring flight

To the far western bound:

Can any chink, can any cleft,

Or in the craggy shore,

Or deep below the wat'ry store,

To hide me here, obscure enough be found?

Ah! still, in vain, I seek to fly,

And sculk from thy immensity!

Thy hand, which does all nature grasp,

Would me, wherever lurking, clasp,

And captive held, soon make me know,

That

That wherefoe'er I seek to go,
No distance can me far remove,
From thee, in whom I live, my being have, and move.

I V.

Can darkness cast, o'er me, a vail?
Night's shades me, from thy sight, conceal?
Vain thought! thou art the source of light,
To thee these names of day and night,
Regarding our vain changing state,
(Our measures of time's fleeting date) |
Belong not; no relation bear
To thy duration unconfin'd:
To thee, alike distinct and clear,
All things, by day and night, appear
Seen in the light of thine all-glorious mind!
So was I seen, so was I thoroughly known
By thee, when my first principles were sown;
And left to ripen in the gloomy cell,
The womb, where nature acts her part so well.

V.

Great author of my being ! I adore
Thy wond'rous wisdom, thy stupend'ous pow'r,
By

By which this artful frame of mine was made;

Thou saw'st the formless mass, when laid

In prison, by my parent's side !

Thou saw'st, and did'st the huddl'd seeds divide,

Thou did'st their quick'ning motions guide,

And over all the work, with wond'rous skill pre-side !

Thy hand my slender fibres twin'd :

Thy hand my num'rous members join'd :

Each part its figure took and place,

Each part did stretch, and grow apace,

In wond'rous nice proportion, till the whole

Organick frame refin'd,

By the bright model, in thy mind,

Was finish'd to receive and lodge the heav'n-born

soul.

O curious workmanship ! O art divine !

Where all the wonders of creation shine !

O admirable structure ! where we see

What silence must, or satisfy

The sons of infidelity,

That G o d the Author is, must necessar'y be !

VI.

By wond'rous arts, my being rose!

By means, as wonderful as those

Still it has been maintain'd.

O G O D, how admirably kind

Has thy indulgence been to me !

What way, shall I thy favours rate

Their sum how shall I estimate ?

Not all the sands that ly along the shore,

Tho' that's a huge unnumber'd store,

Their sum can equal, or their moment weigh.

To think of them, by day, I pleasure take,

By night, of them I dream,

And whensoe'er my slumbers break,

At morn or midnight, when I wake,

I think anew on the delightful theme.



Pre-



Providence.

SE ! how his hand conducts the lab'ring chain
 Of causes ; see ! how the obsequious train
 Of effects and events, successive, come
 Ripe from their mother cause's teeming womb !
O pow'rful providence ! th' all-moving spring
 Of the wide universe ; where ev'ry thing
 Living, or lifeless, subject to thy sway
 Stops, varies, or pursues its wonted way.
 Thy care from mighty *Gabriel* does descend
 The meanest insect, on our earth, to tend ;
 Nothing, at first, created by thy pow'r
 Neglected lies : the very sandy shore
 By thee is number'd : thou the droops do'st tell
 Which the tumult'ous ocean's bosom swell.
O what a glorious scene does it afford
 To see an universe so richly stor'd
 With creatures numberless, who great and small
 Hang on thy hand, for being, life and all !

What wonder ! O my G O D ! what strange surprize
Should, from thy conduct, to our minds, arise ?
Could we thy well-laid measures comprehend,
Which run from time's beginning to its end !

See ! how yon distant blessing cuts its way, -
Circling through num'rous causes, kept in play
To haste it forward, timely, to my hand,
With welcome succours, suiting my demand !

So did the fish, fraught with the silver prey,
At his command, whom nature's hosts obey,
Come to the great apostle's hand, when he
Fish'd for the tribute-money in the sea.

Great Parent, I, with humble thanks, receive
Each blessing that thy bounty's pleas'd to give.
Whate'er to second causes I may owe,
To thee, the source whence all my comforts flow,
My first, and chief acknowledgments are due.





Secret Goodness.

FAR from the noise and notice of the crowd,
 O might I lead a life obscurely good !
 Thoughtless of honour, far removed from strife,
 And all the bustlings of a pageant life,
 In peaceful silence might I spend my days,
 And humbly prosper in religion's ways !
 Let me be truly good, I shall not care
 How few to witness, or to vouch it are :
 Known to my G O D and conscience I shall be
 Indiff'rent what all others think of me.
 Yea, sure, it is the good man's only pride,
 His goodness, from the publick view to hide ;
 Till at the day of revelations, he
 Who now his witness, then his judge to be,
 Pointing him out, amidst the crowd, shall say,
 Behold! the man, who stole unknown away,
 With more true goodness than was e'er believ'd,
 Now mark him all, and be all undeceiv'd !

Pro-

Progressive Goodness.

FROM heav'n true goodness takes its noble rise,
And upward bends its progress to the skies :
No stinted measures can its course confine,
Sprung from a source immortal and divine.
O glorious ardor ! O praise-worthy strife !
To reach the topmost height of christian life.
What honour'd names ? what monuments are due
To such as this exalted end pursue ?
See FIDUS (fixt and well advis'd his will)
Pursue his journey heav'nward up the hill !
Perfection is his aim, nor will he stop
Till he has reach'd the summit of his hope.
Ah me ! how much my face is flush'd with shame !
How much my conscious heart does me condemn !
That worth the while so little yet I've done,
And but a short way tow'rds perfection gone.
May I, good GOD, assisted by thy grace,
Henceforth the time redeem, and mend my pace :

May each new day, that sheds abroad its light,
 See me a better man; may each new night
 Witness the progress in religion's way,
 Which I have made on the preceding day.
 As time's succession rapidly rolls on,
 As ev'ry hour pursues the hour that's gone,
 Such may my progress in true goodness be,
 Swift, regular, from interruption free,
 Till by advances, like the morning light,
 Which grows apace, from dawn to mid-day bright,
 I reach, and look, with transport from perfection's
 height.



Faith seeing Christ.

I.

SE ! see the beauties of his face !
 What charms in lovely J e s u s dwell !
 See heav'n display'd in ev'ry grace !
 This angels see, but cannot tell.

II. In

II.

In him his Father's glories shine !
 His image and delight is he !
 Perfections with perfections join
 In him, the fairest that can be !

III.

Oh ! that my faith had sharper eyes,
 His lovely beauties to descry !
 When distant views so much surprise,
 What bliss must in near vision ly ?

*The Impatience.*

I.

MY soul lies melting in desires ;
 Seraphick flames dissolve my heart ;
 O thou who kindl'd hast these fires,
 Thy solaces divine impart.

II.

O GOD I love, and long to be
 Possess of thy divinest charms !

O sweetest J E S U S haste to me,
And clasp me in thy glorious arms.

III.

Bow, bow ye heav'ns, for him make way ;
Fly Gabriel to proclaim him near :
O J E S U S come, without delay,
I can't thy absence longer bear.



Christ all in all.

I.

J E S U S is my life and soul ;
J E S U S fills my heart with joy ;
Tides of pleasure through me roll ;
Love all my passions does controul ;
If thoughts of J E S U S me employ.

II.

J E S U S darts his heav'nly rays
Through my glad heart to give me light :
If J E S U S his sweet face displays,
I'm blest a thousand nameless ways ;
My heav'n I find in J E S U S' sight.

II. JE

III.

J e s u s is my dear support;

When in distress I humbl'd ly ;

With joys of the divinest sort.

J e s u s does my soul comfort ;

J e s u s raises me on high.

IV.

J e s u s by his sacred beams

My black'ned soul makes white as snow;

I'm wash'd, however odd it seems,

My J e s u s, by those purple streams

Which gushing from thy sides did flow.

V.

J e s u s did my peace procure ;

My peace maintain dear J e s u s shall ;

J e s u s all my woes does cure ;

Of heav'n my J e s u s makes me sure ;

J e s u s is my all in all.

339
JESUS

The



The Good Samaritan.

ASK you who was the good *Samaritan*?
JESUS himself was that dear friend of man,
Who from the heav'nly *Salem*, not by chance,
But kind design, his journey did commence,
Forseeing how mankind, become the prey
Of hellish cut-throats, pale and gasping lay.
Angels of ev'ry order, tho' they knew
The wretched plight we now are in, withdrew;
Nor was their pow'r nor pity such, as they
Durst the relief of hopeless man essay.
But when the mighty friend of souls came down,
He, with a love peculiarly his own,
To heal our wounds, did gen'rously impart
Balsamick streams from his own bleeding heart;
The cure he did perform with wond'rous skill;
The cost defraying, with a strange good-will;
Himself our sicknesses and sorrows bore,
And he our debts plac'd all on his own score.

O glorious friend ! still may the praise of heav'n
And earth, to thee, as a just debt, be giv'n.
May angels ever celebrate thy love,
And saints below, conspire with saints above
To crown thee with their lowdest hymns, whilst I
Strain my best pow'rs to join the harmony.



The wandering Heart.

SO far ! so soon ! oh wand'rer hast thou run,
And travers'd ev'ry clime below the sun ?
Now, in the old, now, to the new world fled,
Now home again, the globe quite round survey'd,
O'er vales, o'er mountains, tracts of land and sea,
And all in the short twinkling of an eye !
Thy rovings who, but for one day, would trace,
Through all the turns of thy wild-crossing race,
Would find the task as much above his pow'r
As to recount the sands that form the shore.
Better'd, I thought I had thee in my breast,
And should thee now a good while there arrest,

At home confine thee close, and task thee hard,
When lo! the doors, as by some spell unbarr'd,
Sudden thou'rt fled again, spight of my guard.

Oh wand'ring heart! oh idly busy thing;
Ever abroad! and ever on the wing!

Pleas'd o'er a thousand barren wilds to roam,
Rather than live with sweet content at home..

Yet less offensive would thy rovings be,
If from them were my serious moments free.

But ah! vain wand'ring heart, when e'er I try
(Fled from all other trifling company)

Sedately to survey celestial things,

Born up on faith, and contemplation's wings;
Ev'n then thy intermixing, idle cares

Distract my thoughts, and backward drag my pray'

O Thou who holdest, in thy mighty hand,
The reins which the wide universe command;

Obedient to whose absolute controul

The winds forbear to blow, the waves to roll,
Do thou my yet more restless heart restrain

From motions so extravagantly vain:

rebuke its rovings, check its wild career,
ix, and confine it, to its proper sphere :
Ah! let it not still be, a trifling wanderer.

The Communing.

COME wand'ring heart of mine, return to rest ;
Come visit thine own long forsaken breast.
The world shut out, and all compos'd within,
Some secret converse with thy self begin.
My heart, how wilt thou answer to thy GOD
For trifling thus, and roaming still abroad,
When thou, at home, has so much work to do,
And such the vast importance of it too ?
See'st not, my heart, what heaps of filth ly here,
What vile and crawling knots of vipers there ;
In ev'ry corner, obvious to the eye
Abominations thick and reeking ly.
Should such vile inmates be allow'd to dwell,
Where GOD possession claims ? O where's the zeal,
That with a just severity should flame,
And thence, indignant, scourge them out with shame ?

Vain

Vain thoughts, and idle words are criminal ;
 Thee to account for both, thy G O D will call ;
 Consider what a mass of guilt must rise
 Ev'n from thine atom-like iniquities.
 In purity and goodness to encrease ;
 To gain upon the way that leads to bliss ;
 By rising steps to reach the distant joy
 Of perfect virtue, should thy care employ :
 But thou with small degrees of goodness pleas'd,
 And glad of strict religion to be eas'd,
 In sloth and trifling do'st these moments spend,
 On which thine everlasting hopes depend.
 Awake my heart, for very shame awake,
 Let reason, conscience, and thy int'rest speak !
 Think if such indolence, thy G O D can please ?
 Did C H R I S T's example dictate so much ease ?
 Is this the way to gain the heav'nly crown ?
 Or is salvation-work so easy grown ?
 O rouse, my heart, shake off this lethargy,
 Look forward to that vast eternity,
 Where thou'rt or ever made, or ever lost,
 As now thou'rt careless, or just pains bestow'ft.

*Religious Diligence.*

I.

WHAT ? slothful when your all's at stake !
When heav'n's the prize you lose or gain !
What ! for one pleasant moment's sake
The hazard run of endless pain !
Rouse, rouse my soul, thy pow'rs unite
And bend them in the enterprize :
Who conquer would, they first must fight ;
The road to heav'n is steep and strait,
Thorny, and up the hill it lies.

II.

On earth no paradise there's now,
No rich, luxuriant, teeming soil;
Where all things needful for us grow,
Without our care, without our toil.
Man's doom'd his daily bread to eat
With ard'ous labour, painful strife,

Nor must he hope, nor is it meet,
 That without labour, without sweat,
 He should obtain the bread of life.

I I. I.

Heav'n is from us, a distant clime,
 And difficult our journey thither ;
 Short and uncertain is our time,
 And rough the way, and rough the weather.
 One day in cradle, next in tomb !
 What need we have to run, to fly,
 That to our everlasting home,
 We safe and timeously may come,
 Before the dark'ning of our sky ?

I V.

What? shall we think a heav'n of joys
 Shall prostituted be to such
 Who value them less than the toys
 Which now they labour for so much?
 Shall yawning wishes, faint essays,
 Be thought enough to merit bliss?
 Who e'er by such unlikely ways,
 His fortunes here propos'd to raise,
 And shall a heav'n be got for less?

V.

Religion is a work of time,
Of ard'ous labour, close pursuit :
The tree of life we first must climb,
Before we eat the pleasant fruit :
For since perfection is attain'd
By rising steps, and growing grace,
Hold fast we must, what we have gain'd,
In view of the exalted end,
And daily, hourly, mend our pace.

VI.

Immortal made, what should we mind
So much as immortality ?
Of beings, for a heav'n design'd,
What but a heav'n the care should be ?
Rouse, rouse my soul, thy moments fly,
Time bears thee on its wings away,
Awful eternity is nigh !
Thy task pursue, th' occasion ply,
Oh ! great's the loss but of a day.

•G:S•



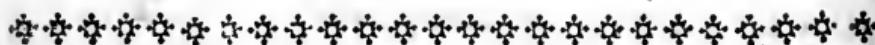
The Delusion.

A BUNDANT joys my mind did overflow,
 No man more happy was, methought, when lo!
 Presumption stealing in upon my heart,
 By the deceiver's unsuspected art,
 Caught me aloft into the air, where I
 A dang'rous flight on wings delusive try.
 Who can be more the favourite of heav'n?
 To whom diviner consolations giv'n?
 Methought, was whisper'd in my ear, and I
 Fond to believe it, did not quite deny.
 " How little, and how distant in my eyes,
 " Appears yon crowd! how far the heav'ly prize
 " Above their reach, who move so slow, whilst I
 " Eager to catch it, thus mount up on high!
 Such my vain thought! — whilst as I higher rise,
 Dark mists begin to swim before my eyes,
 Till in a trice precipitant I fall,
 And quick perceive it was delusion all.

That

That the deceiver caught me unaware,
His thoughtless, easy trophy through the air,
And rais'd me to a pitch before unknown,
Whence I might headlong fall the further down.
And now, with shame o'erwhelm'd, I ly and mourn,
Griev'd to be made the vile imposture's scorn.
What wretch so vile, good LORD, was e'er so vain?
What heart but mine, such dreams could entertain?
Oh where's my grace? how should it be exprest,
But by humility the surest test?
Bright counterfeits come shining from the mold,
But still they want the solid weight of gold.
Sure all's deceit on which I have rely'd,
And yet, the cheat till now I never spy'd.
Ah! hypocrite! — But as with fierce despight
I thus my self upbraid, a beam of light
From heav'n, methought, shone sudden in my mind,
With which suggested was, see how the fiend
Stands in the dark, and by malicious art,
Sportful thus bandies your incautious heart.
Warn'd of his fraud, your jealousies dismiss,
And let your mind resume its wonted peace..

Humble and cautious, yet with confidence
 Of your sincerity maintain the fence.
 And when perplexing doubts begin to rise,
 Suspect the fly seducer in disguise ;
 Silence 'em quickly, e'er they gather strength,
 By hearing and debating them at length :
 As vexing shun 'em, and as vain despise,
 In scruples nothing of religion lies:



On the Lord's Day.

AS weary pilgrims, wand'ring night and day,
 Through pathless deserts, doubtful seek their way;
 Faint and disconsolate ; ev'n such would be
 The tedious tract of my mortality,
 Did not each seventh-day's holy rest impart
 New life and comfort to my drooping heart ;
 Whence with fresh vigor I my course pursue,
 Eager to reach the holy land in view.
O sacred, sweetest part of time, to me
 The type and pledge of immortality,

When

When I am wont, forgetting worldly cares,
With joy to mount above the rolling spheres,
And in the presence of my G o d to stay
With saints and angels keeping holy-day.

Auspicious day ! can e'er thy morning light,
Salute my eyes without a fresh delight,
When I the scenes of glory call to mind,
The triumphs of the Saviour of mankind
By which distinguish'd, thou (as queen of days)
Do'st shine illustrious, crown'd with sacred rays.

O blessed Day ! the *day which G o d has made,*
With joys divine, the humble heart to glad :
When from his open, inexhausted stores
He most profusely, down, his blessings pours :
When his glad saints sit basking in his rays,
And testify their joy with grateful praise.
But oh ! what pleasures must their life employ,
Who an eternal sabbath-day enjoy ;
Who far removed from weariness and pain,
From ev'ry thought impertinent and vain,
In G o d's delightful presence ever dwell,
In knowing, loving, praising so excel

That

That they their very wishes cannot stretch
Beyond the blissful heights, they ever reach.



A Thought for the Sabbath Morning.

I.

WAKE, wake, my soul, the morning's wings
Long since their journey took,
And as they carry on the day,
Thy sloth and sleep rebuke.

II.

Hark! how the orbs revolving sound
The great Creator's praise :
See how the sun his glory paints
With his new lighted rays.

III.

Fresh with the morn glad nature smiles,
And thanks her bounteous King ;
The tuneful birds their early notes,
As an oblation bring.

IV.

Wake, wake, my soul, and join the choir,
Thy Maker's praise proclaim:
The longest day, short is by far
But to attempt the theme.

V.

This blessed day dear J e s u s saw,
Rise early from the grave;
New blazon'd was his glorious name,
I mighty am to save.

VI.

The bonds of death he broke, and shall
The bonds of sleep hold thee:
Wake, wake, my soul, and celebrate
His glorious victory.

VII.

Behold! how early at his tomb
The pious matrons meet,
His lifeless body to perfume,
His story to repeat.

VIII.

And shalt thou not, my soul, attend
With equal zeal to see

Him

Him rising from the grave, and crown'd
With immortality.

I.X.

Yea mount, my soul, and him pursue
To heav'n triumphant gone!
Behold, how glorious there he shines
On his imperial throne!

X.

Mount, and thy early homage pay
To thy exalted L O R D,
Thy cheerful praises, with the day
Join, and his love record.

*On the Holy Scriptures.*

Tis true in *Tully*, and great *Virgil's* lines
A matchless force of happy genius shines
Their works with pleasure ten times I read o'er,
And still see beauties unab serv'd before.

ut yet 'tis meetly human all they say,
Or trifles by their wit made wondrous gay ;
The fancy's pleas'd, the judgment light obtains,
But mostly 'tis in things scarce worth the pains.
The sacred volumes dart diviner rays,
To things sublimer the attention raise ;
Grand and important matters they reveal,
Such as are worthy of a God to tell !
Their naked sense, without the help of art,
ffects and moves, a thousand ways, the heart,
Conscience; that no where else is so address,
Feels, here, convictions levell'd at her breast ;
Tous'd and pursu'd, she casts about in vain,
To fly the winged shafts that fix her pain ;
No shift can ease her, till she conquer'd lies,
And yields herself a bleeding sacrifice.
Here, plenty striving with variety,
Affords a charming prospect, to the eye
Of the enlightn'd mind : resplendent rays
Of GOD, discovered in his works and ways
Of grace transcendent to lost human kind,
With sweet surprise, fill the admiring mind !

Here, shining rules of holiness, with bright Examples, to the precepts giving light, The holy spirit, for a secret guide, And pow'rful motives rang'd on ev'ry side, Lead to perfection, and the sure reward Of heav'nly bliss, for God-like souls prepar'd. Here, trees of life in goodly order grow; Rivers of milk and honey mid'st 'em flow. Sweet promises, with heav'nly comforts fraught, New life and joy afford at ev'ry draught, To the devout and eager soul, whose taste Can relish the delights of such a feast. Here Sanctity, in native beauties drest, Commands respect, and conquers ev'ry breast That with an humble, honest mind, essays To learn religion's plain and easy ways. Such pow'rful rays the sacred pages dart, As light at once the mind, and warm the heart, From ignorance and sin the soul transform, And what they teach enable to perform! Let other volumes then, philosophize; On words of ancient authors criticise;

Prescribe wise rules to guide the common-wealth,
Maxims of state, or regimens of health.
The book of GOD more noble themes contains,
Inculcates things more worthy of our pains,
How we may truly wise and happy grow,
How we may CHRIST, the sum of wisdom know,
And everlasting bliss, unerring reach,
By living as his life and precepts teach.



Publick Worship.

Psal. lxxxiv paraphras'd from v. i. to ii.

I.

ADMIR'D, my GOD, and much desir'd by me
The happiness shall ever be,
Thy sacred courts to tread, and join
The solemn sweet devotions there,
Which humble saints, with zealous care
Address to thee, O Majesty divine !

O

But

But ah ! my foe's relentless hate,
 Ah ! lasting malice ! mournful fate !
 An exile from the joys I so much prize,
 Oppress'd with grief my soul impatient cries,
 Oh shall I never see the day,
 The happy time when yet I may
 Repair to these fair courts of GOD,
 The lovely place of his abode ;
 Oh ! shall it never be, again she cries,
 And hopeless faints away, amidst redoubl'd sighs.

II.

Happy ye birds, which lodge so nigh
 The altars of my GOD and king.
 Ye sparrows, and ye swallows too that fly
 Around his courts, and there,
 Without annoyance, without fear,
 To nestle are allowed,
 And there to hatch and train your brood,
 And there to wanton and to sing.
 Happy your state, whilst wretched I
 Must here in exile mourning ly,

Weary And

Weary of life, long as deny'd
The joys of those who in GOD's house abide.
Abide! O dear invidious bliss!
How sweet a heav'n do they possess,
In praising thee, my GOD, both night and day!
Angelick work! yea happy LORD are they,
Who on the great distinguish'd days,
Which call the tribes to solemn praise,
Confiding in thy aids divine, proceed
Rejoicing in the ways which to fair *Salem* lead.

III..

Methinks, I see the eager travellers go,
O'erspread with dust, and sweat,
And panting with the sultry heat:
Methinks, I see them march apace
In companies from ev'ry distant place,
And chide their feet, as still too slow.
And lo! in *Baca*'s valley, where
No living springs of water are,
From pools supply'd by plenteous showers of rain,
They quench their thirst's encreasing pain,
And their lov'd journey strait pursue again.

Each emulous troop advancing with good will,
 Strives to outstrip each other still:
 And now with unremitted haste,
 The several stages of their journey past,
 With joy in ev'ry heart and face,
 They reach at last the wish'd-for place,
 Ev'n Zion's lovely hill, where they
 To GOD present their off'rings, and their homage pay.

IV.

Almighty GOD bend thy indulgent ear
 To my most humble fervent pray'r.

Pity a wretch, oh ! pity me,
 Who tho' anointed to a crown,
 Anointed by thy own decree,
 To rule the people stil'd thine own,
 Am now debarr'd from all that's dear to me.

Pity and help without delay;
 Pity, my GOD ; for ev'ry day
 I'm kept from thy lov'd courts away
 Seems a long tedious age. —— My choice
 Prefers one day of these dear joys

Known in thy temple, to a thousand spent,
In the most luscious pleasures men invent
To glut their senses, or to drown their care.
Thy temple's my delight ! O place me there,
Tho' but to keep the door, and I'll confess
My self once more a happy man, and bless
The GOD who hears my pray'rs, who does my
wrongs redress.



Fasting.

RE LIGIOUS fasting feasts the soul with joy,
And cures these ills which would her health
destroy ;
At once affording food and medicine,
Life to devotion, deadly wounds to sin ;
Hence wing'd my soul soars with a nimbler flight,
Far 'bove the clouds, and hovers with delight :
In pure celestial air, and joys that she
Has from the fetters of her guilt got free.
What tho' to *sense* this exercise gives pain,
Grudg'd and reluctant let it still complain :

No matter if the better part receive
Advantage, how much *sense* is made to grieve.



The Declension.

A H ! how imperfect is my state at best !

How short while my good dispositions last !
Whatever heights at one time I attain,
I quickly at another lose again ;
My self reversing, like the tide, that goes
Quite as far backward as it forward flows.
It was but lately, that my soul could rise,
And heav'n-ward speed, her flight beyond the
skies ;

But now alas ! like insect-motion slow
She only grovels on the ground below ;
A stranger to the upper world, where she
Was wont a frequent visitant to be.
Obedience, then, with sweet delight was crown'd
And *that* to be the source of *this* I found :

But

But ah! these joys which were before a feast,
I can't attain so much as now to taste.
If conscience clam'rous drag me to my knees,
Between my lips the dull petitions freeze:
'Tis formal all I say, without the heat
And zeal that should devotion animate;
Tho' pressing guilt gives warning to repent,
My harden'd heart refuses to relent;
Nor will my tears, for all that I can do,
To force them, from their seal'd-up fountains flow.
The smiles of J E S U S, that were like a heav'n,
When on my soul display'd, are no more giv'n.
My sun's eclips'd, dark night vails round the skies,
And ah! I know not when the morn will rise.
Heartless and feeble, with a worm-like pace,
I creep, but run not; now my christian race,
Averse to duties which I lov'd before;
And e'er they're well begun I give them o'er.
Full of confusion, darkness, doubts, and fears,
No hope arising from my feeble pray'rs,
I tremble least the last great day should come,
And snatch me in this posture to my doom.

O blessed source of light and life, impart
 New joy, and vigor to my drooping heart.
 Revive, my God, my soul, nor take away
 These aids of grace wherein her great strength lay ;
 Return, return my better life, restore
 Such happy days as I have known before.

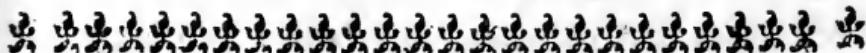


The Supply.

THE treasures of the God-head open stand
 Whilst he dispenses with a lib'ral hand !
 The spacious ocean bounded is by shores,
 But free of limits are his gracious stores !
O glorious source of all divine supplies,
 Where a whole starving world's provision lies !
 All that Almighty goodness can afford,
 Is in a Mediator richly stor'd !
 To thy abundant grace I'll still repair,
 Sure to obtain sufficient succours there,
 To sooth my pains, to prop my weaker part,
 And fetch home consolations to my heart.

Pant.

Panting, I'll at the heav'nly currents fly
And take in my ungrudg'd, and full supply.
If willing, all are welcome to receive ;
For who can more desire, than heav'n can give ?
Lo ! from his breast (an ever-flowing source)
What heav'nly torrents speed their downward course,
Whose wide diffus'd and bounteous streams o'erflow
And water all the realms of grace below.
Ly open, then, my soul, the floods embrace,
Open, and welcome home the tides of grace,
Till thou replenish'd with the heav'nly store,
Shalt say enough, dear L O R D , I need, can take
no more.



The Inconstant.

Fickle and false oh ! heart still wilt thou
prove,
Nor aw'd by terrors, nor constrain'd by love ?
In spight of all my vows, by thee betray'd,
The foe's derision shall I still be made ?

Easy, alas! his conquest well may be,
When all's given up into his hands by thee ;
And little needs he try his subtle wiles,
Against a heart, which thus itself beguiles.
Ah ! traitor, than the foe himself more false,
He to himself is true, tho' to none else :
But thou conspiring 'gainst thy self doest show
How madly fond thyself thou'rt to undo.
By solemn vows myself I lately bound,
More firmly 'gainst the foe to stand my ground ;
With stricter care to serve my GOD, and shew
What my best resolutions now could do.
But ah ! *deceiver*, undermin'd by thee,
The same *inconstant* still I'm found to be.
My vows and purposes scarce tryal bear ;
But, soon as made, revers'd and broken are.
And now my GOD, what shall I say to thee ?
What plead in my excuse ? such treachery
May thee, too, once for all, provoke to change,
And turn thy patience into fierce revenge.
But since, dear L O R D , 'tis thy prerogative
Long to forbear, and often to forgive,

O let thy mercy shield me from thy rage,
O let thy grace indulgent for me pledge,
Till yet I try if this my heart can be,
My GOD, made faithful to it self and thee.



A Preparatory Thought for the Lord's Supper.

AWAKE, awake my soul, with timely care,
For the approaching interview prepare :
In awful mysteries lo ! from on high
Thy Saviour-GOD descends before thine eye !
Awake, awake and summon ev'ry pow'r,
With rev'rence to attend and to adore,
Whilst in thy view the amazing scenes unfold,
Which wisest angels with surprise behold.
Here rays of grace shed down their heav'nly light,
And open to our eyes a wondrous sight,
Mankind redeem'd ! a work all o'er divine,
Where all heav'n's glorious attributes combine
But darling mercy boasts the brightest shine !

Of

Offended *Justice* pleads her native rights,
 Claims satisfaction on the rebel-wights,
 Who boldly dar'd to violate her laws,
 And tempt her dire revenge without a cause.
 'Tis done. He whose exalted merits shine
 Without a rival! he whose pow'r divine
 Was equal for the task, the Son of **G O D**
 Engages to sustain the dreadful load
 Of humane guilt, and heav'n's vindictive ire
 Till *Justice* own she can no more require.
 Here, to fulfil the compact, he is seen
 Born of a woman, born without a stain:
 Tho' human meannesses his glories cloud,
 Yet virtues all-divine reveal the **G O D**.
 Here, all the labours of his life we trace,
 His matchless toils sustain'd for human race.
 Here, all his woes before our eyes are set,
 The vocal figures still his woes repeat.
 Come then, my soul, advantag'd by the view,
 Thy Saviour, through the mournful scenes, pursue
 Trace his amazing suff'rings, come and see
 If any sorrows like to his there be!

Behold him to *Getsemanc* repair,
My soul, behold him agonizing there ;
How dire his pain ! how strange the sweat and blood
Forc'd from his body, in a mingl'd flood !
Whilst, for the ease of his astonish'd heart,
An angel tries, kind succours to impart.

O wond'rous, wond'rous force of love divine !
O harden'd, senseless, stupid heart of mine !
That unrelenting can the story hear,
Nor o'er his woes drop one condoling tear !
Before the partial judge he stands arraign'd,
Pursu'd with lies and accusations feign'd ;
Malice and impudence their utmost do
To fix one crime, but find not ev'n the shew
Of one, for which he justly can be blam'd ;
Yet guiltless he to death must be condemn'd,
The rulers monstrous spight to gratify,
And still the people's mad inhuman cry.

Ah *Pilate* ! where's the justice ! where the laws
Of *Rome* ! to trespass in so plain a cause !
Ah infamous, know there's a day to come,
When you from him shall have a juster doom.

Cloth'd with mock-purple, crown'd with thorns
he stands

Amidst the rude, insulting Roman bands;
They buffet, taunt, spit in his sacred face;
Pour on him floods of outrage and disgrace:
They strip him naked for the furious scourge;
And stripe does stripe with rage unerring urge;
Whilst, from his furrow'd shoulders, wounded sides,
The streaming crimson down unpity'd glides.

O heav'n ! how can't thou now thy rage restrain?
Are there no thunders in thy magazine?
Ah! angels can ye tame spectators stand?
Not one to fly, with vengeance in his hand
To curse, confound, and blast the impious crew
Who thus dare treat your Maker in your view?
Behold him on the cross suspended high,
Betwixt two malefactors doom'd to dy,
As if their crimes and villanies accurst,
Had center'd in him, of the three the worst.
Whilst shameless rulers, with satanick pride,
Insult his person, and his woes deride.

Behold him sicker still and paler grow!

Till in the very crisis of his woe

He cries my GOD, my GOD, why hast thou me
Forsaken? ah! how can this riddle be

Explain'd? dear LORD, what infinite distress

Does this amazing plaint of thine confess?

In such a dark and dismal juncture lo!

All nature shews a sympathy of woe!

The sun, t' avoid the execrable sight,

Starts back, and vails the world with sable night

The trembling earth detests the horrid scene!

And rocks asunder rent proclaim his pain!

A suffering GOD, the *Grecian* sage can guess:

The *Roman* soldier does the truth confess:

The self-convict'd people smite their breasts,

And all are moved but cruel scribes and priests.

Ah! harden'd set of men! — But hold my heart

Blame thy self more, condemn the cruel part

Thy sins then acted, thele produc'd his woes,

Than *Jews* or *Romans* these were more his foes:

On these, who in this tragedy did all,

My soul, let thy severe resentments fall.

Ah ! sin accus'd, what mischief hast thou done
 Since, first, thy havocks, 'mongst mankind, begun?
 What millions hast thou damn'd ! how dear the rate
 At which I'm ransom'd to a better fate?

To Golgotha, my soul, direct thine eyes,
 There see thy Saviour's wounds, there hear his cries,
 There see how for thy sins transfix'd, he bleeds and
 dies !

Ah suff'ring Saviour could I bleed with *thee* ;
 And feel the pangs, which thou didn't feel for me ;
 Reacting thy dire passion in my heart,
 And pierc'd like thee in ev'ry tender part.
 Yes bleed my heart, by sympathizing pain,
 Assume his sorrows, and his woes sustain,
 With him suspended in the open air,
 The shame and torture of his passion share ;
 And grudge the thieves their honourable room
 Of dying with him by one common doom.
 Death for thy sake he willing did sustain.
 Thy Saviour, when thy judge he might have been,
 And doom'd thee to a state of endless woe :
 Amazing love ! which he alone could show.

My thoughts fall short, my words for ever fail,
Nor tongues of men or angels, **LORD**, can tell
What thanks, what praises for such grace are due,
What high returns, my gratitude, should shew.
My prostrate soul and life, **LORD**, at thy feet
I lay, with pleasure thy commands to wait.
CHRIST crucify'd, I'll as my **GOD** adore,
Exalt thy praises, and thy aids implore ;
Ty'd to thy cross, proud of its infamy,
I'll joy, my **LORD**, to be conform'd to thee.
In thy blest passion daily I'll confide
For pardon, peace, for life and all beside.
And now, dear Saviour, that thou dost vouchsafe
To feed me with the purchase of thy death,
With humble rev'rence I'll approach and taste.
The sacred dainties of this royal feast,
And thy munificence, so wond'rous great,
With all my best affections celebrate.





A Penitential Exercise before the L O R D ' s Supper.

I.

COME all ye mourners of renown,
Whom penitential honours crown,

Come, lend me all your tears and sighs,

Your soft complaints, and humble cries,

Your secret groans and agonies :

For, oh, I need them all, and more,

To pay the debt of grief I owe,

(A debt of heart-afflicting woe).

For my transgressions, now become,

Ah me ! a vast amazing sum !

More countless than the sands that form the shore!

Yet come, dear friends, come open all your store,

And try for once, with me, to quit the frightful
scare.

II. Come

II.

Come, royal *David*, God-like saint,
Who couldst, so hero-like, repent
So potently thy guilt engage,
With all the force of holy rage !
With conq'ring pray'rs, strong humble cries,
Victorious tears and agonies !
O bravely ! bravely was it done !
O'er such a foe, one victory won,
Exalts thy name,
Proclaims thy fame,
More than *Goliab's* fall, or *Edom* overthrown.
Come take me to the field with thee,
And my instructor daign to be :
I'll in thy fight,
Couragious fight,
And ev'ry day,
My thousands slay,
And then at night,
With humble pleasure I'll approach,
And lay me down close by thy royal couch.

Thy

* Thy couch, O wondrous! how it swims!
 O how 'tis delug'd with the streams
 Of briny tears, rain'd from thine eyes!
 Strange effect of thine agonies!
 There, there I'll lie, O man divine,
 Mingling my cries and tears with thine;
 And happy, O how happy shall I be,
 If wash'd and pardon'd, thence I can arise like thee.

III.

Come mournful Prophet *Jeremy*;
 Lend me thy weeping faculty;
 Thy lamentations and thy woes,
 The direful pangs, the vi'lent throws,
 Which thy afflicted soul sustain'd,
 Which pierc'd thy heart, and bowels pain'd,
 But nor thy tongue, nor pen could tell,
 (Tho' they in painting grief did so excel)
 When *Judah* captive went, and fair *Jerusalem* fell.

+ Oh! had that wish of thine,
 Invidious wish! oh had it first been mine.
 The very thought transports my soul,

Methinks I feel my head enlarge,
With the encreasing watery charge :
Methinks, I feel the briny torrents roll
Down from the open sluices of my eyes,
Methinks I feel the floods still higher rise ;
O may they roll both night and day,
O may they roll, and rise, till they
Swell to a deluge, whose surmounting tide,
May all the mountains of my sins beneath its billows
hide.

I V.

Yet better, *Mary*, evangelick saint,
Better it were, if I
Full of a strugling agony,
Of love and grief, like thee, could ly
And at a Saviour's feet repente.
Dissolv'd the noble mourner lies ;
And weeps as if she was all eyes ;
His feet she washes with her tears ;
And wipes them with her courteous hairs :
Whilst humble kisses intervene,
To print love on his feet, and wipe them yet more
clean.

Mean

Mean time, her precious ointments flow
 In od'rous tides diffus'd, and show
 What sweeter passions, in her bosom glow.
 O fair example of a grateful mind!
 How charming look such love and sorrow join'd!
 Immortal, hence, bright saint, becomes thy fame,
 Whilst age shall to succeeding age proclaim
 How JESUS lov'd, and dy'd for human race,
 Thy name in the dear story still shall have a place.

V.

But lo!

Another sight of moving woe.

'Tis Peter, sure, he weeps so bitterly;

Oh Peter, cast that look on me,

Which thy kind LORD, first, cast on thee;

Perhaps it still may virtue have

My flinty heart to melt or cleave,

And make a penitent of me.

But ah! in vain;

With fruitless pain,

I cast about, and seek supply

From empty channels, cisterns dry.

I'll

I'll to the fountain-head repair,
And find my wish'd-for succours there.
I'll look to him whom I have pierc'd :
The wounds I gave him, when rēvers'd,
Will pierce my heart, and make it mourn.
Lo ! J e s u s lo ! to thee I turn,
But ah ! how shall I look on thee ?
Dear L O R D , how shall I view the tree,
Where bleeding thou didst hang for me,
And where my sins thee fix'd ?
How shall I see the streams of blood ?
The suff'rings of my Saviour-God
Amaz'd, and unto death, for me, perplex'd ?
Oh ! L O R D , methinks, I now can mourn,
I feel a strange and sudden turn ;
My heart relents, my bowels glow,
Tears unconstrain'd and plenteous flow,
Now I can give a loose to woe.
O wond'rous ! wond'rous virtue of the cross !
Of godly sorrow, 'tis the only source !
And sure, my G o d , there's nothing else can be,
The source of pardon, life, and joy, to me.



*A Thanksgiving after the Sacrament
of the L O R D ' s Supper.*

*Being a Paraphrase on Psal. cxvi. from
v. 1. to v. 13.*

I.

TOO little is my love, could I give more
To him who heard my suppliant voice ;
To him who pity'd, when I did deplore,
And makes me, now, as much rejoice :
But since kind heav'n will daign to take
So small a tribute, from my hands ;
My GOD I'll love, and still betake
My self to him, with new demands.

II.

Deep plung'd in dismal horrors was my soul,
Like those which round the dying wretch do roll,
When, from the bound of life, he spies
The gulf of woe extended wide ;

When

When on its brink he trembling stands, and cries,
Ah! must I, must I plunge into the flaming tide !

III.

With like amaze, like killing dread
O'rewhelm'd, I cried, Help Lord with speed;
Save me a wretch, save me my God,
From death that flares me in the face,
Death's frightful look, and dire embrace;
Save me, O God, from death, and from hell's dark
abode!

IV.

He heard, he sav'd, the happy day
I'll ne'er forget, nor cease to say
He is all mercy, grace and love!
Boundless compassions ever move
Around his heart, and ever flow
With succours, to the wretch'd below;
For such was I, when he
Stept in, and set my soul from death's embraces free.

V.

Sing now, my soul, thy requiem sing;
Thy mournful hours have taken wing,
Thy sorrows all are fled :

Q

Let

Let joys, now, in their turn, prevail,
 On downy peace thy self repose;
 Feel, how the sweet refreshing gale,
 Feel how it gently blows,
 With balmy sweets, around thy head!
 See! how the heav'nly manna falls!
 Hark! how the voice at distance calls!
 Arise, and feast on angels food:
 Arise, and loud proclaim the bounty of thy GOD.

V I.

O wond'rous is thy bounty LORD!
 Death held me fast with iron arms,
 Hell in my face, with dire alarms
 Flash'd terrible! but at thy Word
 My chains fell off, and I
 Was rescu'd from the hands of the stern enemy.
 And then my blubber'd eyes from tears
 Were wip'd; my heart discharg'd of fears:
 Yea then with joy, I look'd around,
 Securely walk'd, when now I found
 My feet, that slip'd before, tread on more faithful
 ground.

And

V I I.

And now, the life thou hast retriv'd,
To thee lo ! I devote O L O R D :
A Life which shall thy grace record,
And still obedient be
To all the precepts of thy word ;
A life whose harmony
With thy just laws, shall all my days,
Proclaim thy honour, sound thy praise,
And tell what thou hast done, and tell what I be-
liev'd.

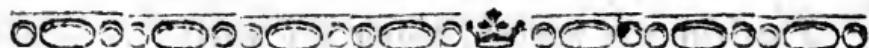
V I I I.

For, tho', with troubles sore opprest,
I said in my unwary haste,
That faithless all men prove ;
Vain all their aid, false all their Love :
Yet, ev'n, in this extremity
I hop'd, and found my G O D with his kind suc-
cours nigh.

I X.

And now, my G O D, what great return,
For so great favours, shall be made by me ?
Shall thousand off'rings on thine altar burn ?
Shall quires resounding, testify

The thankful sense of my glad soul ?
 No, what will please thee more, lo ! I
 Holding aloft the sacred bow' l
 Will o'er its awful mysteries vow,
 That all I am, or have, can suffer, or can do
 Shall be devoted, *ever*, to fulfil
 The purposes of thy dear indisputed will.

*Experience.*

VAIN, and *vexatious*, is the just account
 To which all sublunary things amount.
 So have I found it, first and last, to be
 Vexation dealt out, in variety.
 Engag'd I, very early, was in cares
 Which have grown up, and ripen'd with my years ;
 Since reason and reflexion dawn'd in me,
 I seldom was from some affliction free.
 Not that I quarrel the wise will of heav'n,
 Or grudge, because no kinder lot was giv'n
 To me who have deserv'd a worse, but I
 Hence, learn the world's vexatious vanity.

Reason may teach this lesson, and the wise
Long, on so grave a theme, philosophise ;
But, e'er the truth full evidence receive,
Experience must the last conviction give.
Instructed hence, with humble gratitude,
I'll brook afflictions, and account them good ;
Kindly design'd, by heav'n, to make me know
I cannot find felicity, *below*.
With mind prepar'd, the thorny path I'll tread,
Expecting troubles, troubles never dread ;
In view of the *Canaan* above, I'll press
A hardy trav'ller through this wilderness.



Contempt of the World.

I.

THERE'S nothing earthly can allure his mind
Who keeps a heav'n in view ;
Who with ambition unconfin'd,
A bliss unbounded does pursue.

Lay crowns and scepters, at his feet,
 Let riches, pleasures, honours wait,
 And fondly court his smile,
 He'd scorn the charms of things so vain,
 Spurn them away with just disdain,
 Nor count them worth his while.

II.

Heav'n the attracting object of his love,
 Bears his aspiring soul above
 All little perishable things :
 Through scenes of bliss whilst he does rove,
 And views, and tastes the joys above,
 He pities the poor state of kings.
 The wealth of *Cræsus*, *Cæsar's* pow'r
 And *Alexander's* conquests seem
 Worthy his envy, or his love, no more
 Than little *Pismire's* hoarded store,
 Or dance of atoms in a beam.

III.

The whole creation can't suffice,
 To make a soul compleatly blest :

On

On earth, then, where's the goodly prize
To tempt a reasonable breast? Who most possess,
Who most possess, we see still are
From real happiness as far;
As they who have the smallest share!

The mind's unbounded wishes still transcend
All that a scanty world can give;
And, whilst our wishes have no end,
Still short of happiness we live.
God, God alone, who all contains
Can fill the soul's enlarg'd embrace!
Posset of him, no more remains,
For further wishes, any place.

IV.

Go search the world, collect its scatter'd worth,
Draw the creation's quintessence all forth,
One sov'reign cordial to compose,
Apply it to a soul in pain,
A soul that can no rest obtain,
For staring guilt and threatening wrath,
Can it afford repose?
Ask, if it can, at those

Who

Who panting on a sick-bed ly,
 Ask if it, then, can fortify,
 The soul against the terrors of grim death?
 Ask if it can dispense
 Comforts to suit her exigence,
 When, she now summon'd to be gone,
 She knows not where, but all alone,
 Anxious, and trembling must commence
 Her solitary journey, through the gloomy path.

V.

Did he who had a Maker's right to use
 The earth, and all the fulness thereof, chuse
 To trample under foot, as vain and vile,
 What men mistaken, wealth, and grandure stile?
 Did he prefer so poor and mean a state
 Before the pomp and splendor of the great?
 And shall I think felicity
 Can e'er be found in things, which he
 The only happy, only wise
 (To teach me the same lesson) did so much despise?

Im-

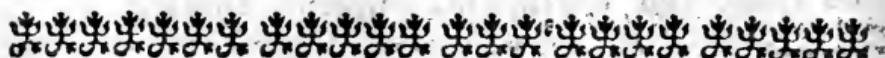
*Improvement of Time.*

A Day I've lost, was Titus * wont to say,
When any chanc'd to steal from him away,
Not signaliz'd by some good action done,
To speak him worthy his imperial crown?
Was this the maxim of his life, tho' he
So little knew of an eternity?
No notion had, or of a heav'n or hell,
Beside a sage's guess, or poet's tale?
And shall I taught, by revelation's light,
A future life's great certainty and weight,
Neglect the wise improvement of my time,
Nor count the useless waste of it a crime?
No, let the atheist, and unthinking fool
Live careless, as they please, and without rule;
My time I'll husband with more frugal care,
And save my moments which so precious are,
For purposes of equal worth; I'll try
By time well spent, to win eternity.

Henos

* Titus the Roman Emperor.

Hence then benumbing sloth, hence trifling cares,
 Ye thieves of time, ye moths of precious years :
 And ye worse flatt'ring pleasurable toys
 Of sin ; hence all ye silly, short-liv'd joys ;
 Your soft enchantments shall, no longer, bind,
 I have a GOD, a heav'n, a soul to mind.



Time watched.

STAND, O my soul, stand on the watch,
 And try, the flying hours, to catch,
 They won't or stop, or turn again,
 Thou hast no venture for it, then,
 But to their wings, fast as they fly,
 Some valuable thing to ty :
 Some holy thought, some humble pray'r,
 Some penitential groan or tear,
 Some act of faith, or charity,
 Some new advance in purity ;
 Some breathing of divine desire,
 Some glowing of a heart on fire,

Some

Some one of these, if thou canst chain
To ev'ry moment of the train
Of flying hours, thou hast done well;
Time manag'd thus, can never fail
Home to eternity, to bear
Thy treasures all, and int'rests dear;
Till born on her officious wing,
Time, there, thy self, at last, shall bring.



The Satisfaction.

THAT day ne'er fails to yield me greatest joy,
Which I to the best purposes employ!
Well pleas'd my conscience on me smiles, at night,
And peaceful thoughts, to soft repose invite.
O bounteous goodness of the GOD I serve!
Shall an immortal heav'n, in sure reserve,
Reward the little worthless good I do,
Which is so largely recompensed now!
I'd rather have one day of the delight,
Arising from a sense of doing right,

Than

Than a whole age of that tumult'ous joy
 Which sinners, mix'd with conscious guilt, enjoy.
 Hence springs a pleasure solid, lasting, great,
 Which no reproaching after-thoughts abate ;
 The sense of which remaining can sustain
 The soul in graples with whatever pain :
 'Tis half a heav'n, and nothing can improve
 Its blissful joys, but the whole heav'n above !
 Help me, my GOD, thy pleasure to fulfil,
 Help, each day, better to perform thy will.
 High, as the pitch to which my duty goes,
 My satisfaction, in proportion, grows.
 Was there no other motive, sure my choice,
 Would be religion, for its very joys.



A Hymn to the Holy Spirit.

ETERNAL source of light ! whilst thee I sing,
 To aid me, thine own inspirations bring.
 No Phœbus or Parnassus I require,
 But some illapses of that sacred fire

Which

Which warm'd, of old, the raptur'd hearts and tongues
Of thy great prophets, and inspir'd their songs;
Songs, which an origin divine confess,
And mighty things, in mighty strains, express ;
Songs worthy Thee, their author, and their themes;
And giving men who sung them, deathless names.
O ! with such unction animate my muse,
Such heav'nly ardors through my breast diffuse,
Whilst, with a bold advent'rous flight
Soaring, I traverse the wide realms of light,
And eager trace
The paths of grace,
Transported, all along, with glorious op'ning views.

I I.

Thou, the first principle of life didst move,
On chaos gloomy face, with wings of love,
And genial warmth ; whence dress'd in fair array,
Sprung new-born nature, and the lovely day.

Now sons of GOD, admiring angels see,
And joyful praise the world's nativity !
Round the huge mass, they eager beat the wing,
And each new rising form, with notes exalted sing.

R

They

They sung the first-born glory, charming light,
On glitt'ring wings, from chaos, taking flight.
They sung the lofty arched firmament,
The use and beauty of its vast extent :
They sung divided earth, and ocean's floods,
To shores confin'd : they sung the ballanc'd clouds,
The magazines of thunder, snow, and rain,
And stormy blasts, heav'n's military train:
They sung the glorious ruler of the day,
The moon and stars, who by alternate sway,
But feebler pow'rs, walk an eternal round,
And time divide, and changing seasons bound :
They sung the birth of plants, and trees, and all
The various beauties of earth's painted ball :
The origin of ev'ry living kind,
To people, earth, and seas, and air design'd :
They sung created man ; the image bright
Of his creator ! intellectual light
Pent up within an artful mold of clay,
And yielding but a little fainter ray,
Than their own pure celestial forms : They sung
His look sublime, his graceful port, his tongue

Articulately pouring out his thought :
They sung his features to perfection wrought,
With all the princely badges seen,
Or in his shape, or in his mien,
Proclaiming him by heav'n design'd,
To rule his fellow creatures, with a godlike mind.

III.

When baleful sin had poison spread abroad,
And tainted the fair workmanship of GOD :
When nature groan'd; and death began to stalk
O'er a pale world, his wide and gloomy walk :
When present ills, and future miseries,
In all their various gasty forms arise,

And fill the hapless pair with dread :
Thou didst their anxious hearts persuade,
That sure relief should yet be had,
By the great remedy, the promis'd seed.
As time advanc'd, and ages multiply'd,
More clearly, still, was the event descry'd,
The grand event of the MESSIAH's birth,

Which, as by Thee foretold,
Should a new source of life unfold ;

And pour heav'n's blessings, down, profusely on the earth.

I V.

By Thee, good *Abr'am* did the day descry,
 The distant day, which GOD that cannot ly
 Had promis'd, when one of his progeny
 Should come a common blessing to mankind;

The day he saw, and blest it with a joyful mind.

By Thee, old *Jacob*, as his sons attend
 Their blessings, and their fates to hear,
 Above his brethren *Judah* did commend,
 And destin'd him the sov'reign rule to bear.

By Thee, of *SHILOH* pointedly he spoke,
SHILOH, who should be born to save
 His fav'rite people from the yoke
 Of Sin, and hell, death and the grave.
SHILOH, to whom, the people far and near,
 With joyful concourse, should repair
 His sov'reign pow'r to own, his laws divine to hear.

V.

By Thee, great *Moses* dictated his laws.

O ! how divine th' *afflatus* was,

When he foretold a prophet great,
Should rise to govern *Israel's* state :

A prophet such as he,

A prophet who should be

Obey'd; and honour'd on the pain
Of death, which, with the body slain,

Plunges the soul in endless misery.

By Thee, the royal *David* sweetly sung ;

To strains divine his harp melodious strung.

By Thee, *Esaias*, with a lofty flight,

Winging the regions of prophetick light,

The glories of *MESSIA*'s reign survey'd ;

By Thee, such mighty moving things he said,

Painting his woes so lively to the eye,

As makes prediction rival history.

By Thee, the highly-favour'd *Daniel* knew

The secrets which magicians could not shew.

By Thee, he fix'd his weeks, foretold the dates

Of future kingdoms, and their monarchs' fates.

By Thee, the whole inspired train

Of great, and wise, and righteous men,

Thy holy prophets to the world declar'd,
What true religion is, and what its great reward.

V 1.

When time (that now long rip'ning in her womb
The grand event had bore) was fully come
To the fix'd period, when MESSIA's birth
Should, with heav'n's dearest friendship, glad the
earth :

By Thee, the wond'rous work was done !
A virgin chaste conceives a son !
The Son of GOD becomes a man !
But who declare his generation can ?
What is by Thee the author vail'd,
What lies from angels eyes conceal'd,
Men should not scan, nor boldly pry
Into the dark, forbidden mystery.
Soon as MESSIAS on the earth begun
His short, but glorious race to run ;
The unction he receiv'd from Thee
(Unction admitting no degree)

Of

Of virtues, graces, gifts and pow'rs divine,
Full in his bosom dwelt, bright in his life did
shine.

By this, so well he spoke ! such wonders wrought !
By this, the people so divinely taught !
By this, to heav'n, so oft he did prefer
The warin oblations of accepted prayer :.
This to his meritorious suff'rings gave
Part of their sweet perfume : This, from the grave
Concur'd to raise him up ; and to proclaim
He was the *Son of God*, nor did usurp the name.

V I I.

When JESUS to his father was return'd,
With spoils and trophies of his foes adorn'd :
When at his right-hand, on a glorious throne
He sate triumphant, crown'd with honours won :
Thou, in his room, down to the earth didst come,
Redemption purchas'd to apply,
Redeemed souls to purify,
Till, by thy grace divine, prepar'd
For heav'nly bliss, their dear Reward,
Thou, to fruition, guid'st them safely home.

On Pentecost, that memorable day,
 Thou didst the glory of thy grace display ;
 When from on high, the torrent strong
 Came, with loud murmurs, all along;
 Rolling its tide, till in the place
 Where the devout assembly was,
 An inundation of unwonted speech
 O'erflows the holy men, and each
 The symbol wears, a cloven fiery tongue.
 By this inspir'd, they forthwith loud proclaim
 GOD's mighty grandure, CHRIST's exalted name !
 By this they preach'd, and souls by thousands
 caught :
 By this stupendous signs and wonders wrought !
 Criples exulting leap, with nerves new strung ;
 The old decrepit think themselves made young,
 With vigorous health pour'd fresh into their veins :
 Their word, their touch, their shadow cures the
 pains,
 And maladies which wretched men oppres :
 And Demons, put to flight, their pow'r confess.

By.

By this, they toils and trials great sustain'd ;
The triumph of their patience still maintain'd ;
By this, to vent the ardors of their zeal,
They run exulting, far and near, to tell
Glad tidings of salvation, by the name
Of Jesus ; the swift heralds of his fame.

V I I I.

Great author of all grace ! could I
Thy wond'rous works and ways descry,
How in the secret inmost soul,
The active seeds of heav'nly life controul
All pow'r of sin opposing ; could I trace
The beauteous lineaments, and lovely face
Of the *new creature*, and the *form divine* !
Could I describe this glorious work of thine,
The picture fair, drawn to the life, would tell
How far the new creation does the old excell !
But ah the ard'ous task surmounts my skill :
I want the pow'r, howe'er I have the will :
Ev'n what I know, and by experience feel,
I can't to others, as I would, reveal ;

Yet

Yet I'll attempt it, in well meaning lays,
And publish as I can, O GOD of grace, thy praise.

I X.

When dead in sin, and trespasses I lay,
Far, far from GOD, and thoughtless of the way
That leads to life : when darkness overspread,
And vengeance hover'd o'er my guilty head :

By thy almighty grace display'd,
New light and life I felt convey'd
Into my soul, and I began

With joy, to know my self, now, quite another man
As when the sun, first lighted in the skies,
Dispell'd the shades, and pour'd his rays,
With bright effulgence all around ;

Glad nature, soon, felt the new kindl'd blaze ;
Earth's cherish'd with warm genial days,
And new-blown beauties every where abound.

So I, O GOD, with sweet surprize,
When first the light of grace did rise
In my dark soul, was made to say
O whence this new, this blessed day !

What lovely objects charm my eyes !

What

What glorious scenes before me rise !
O GOD, my Saviour, now I see
The path of life reveal'd to me !
Redeeming love, forgiving grace,
Sweet JESUS, sparkling in thy face !
The refuge, and the rest of souls ;
The heav'nly virtue that controuls
The guilt, the pain, the pow'r of sin :
I see, O LORD, what I have been,
A wretched sinner liable
To miseries ineffable ;
But rescu'd now, and raised by Thee,
To hopes of immortality.
O wond'rous grace ! stupendous love !
How sweet's the maze in which I rove !
O joy of faith ! O dear solace !
O solemn ! O triumphant peace !
I feel immortal life begun,
I feel its circulating vigor run
Through my glad pow'rs ! I feel it warm my heart !
I feel it *all* in *all*, and *all* in every part !

X.

Now, cast, my soul, thine eyes abroad
 Survey the wond'rous progress of the grace of GOD.
 Where *Roman* eagles never flew,
 Where *Roman* soldier never drew
 His warlike sword, grace has prevail'd,
 And made the barbarous nations to her pow'rs
 yield.

Almighty grace ! what pow'r but thine
 Could hearts subdue, men's wills incline
 To quite paternal rites, and laws,
 Riches, pleasures, pomp, applause,
 And all the charms of earthly things :
 Lo ! even proud emperors, and kings
 Submit themselves to JESUS' sway,
 His scepter kiss, his laws obey ;
 The doctrine of his cross embrace,
 And glory in his name, more than their ancient
 race.

See ! swift as lightning from the sky,
 The pointed shafts well guided fly,

To

To pierce the hardest hearts of those
Who, with rage impotent, dare Jesus' name op-
pose.

A furious slaughter-breathing Saul,
A savage jaylor vanquish'd fall ;
With thousand, thousand trophies more,
Blest monuments, O grace ! of thy all-conqu'ring
pow'r.

X I.

Dear Comforter of pious souls !
How sweet the heav'nly torrent rolls,
When, from on high, thou do'st impart
Thy consolations to the humble heart !
How oft have I, by sweet experience, found,
When sore dejected, and opprest
With troubles, like to rend my breast,
Thy joys controul my grief, and heal my bleed-
ing wound ?
O GOD of grace ! what thanks I owe
To Thee, from whom my daily succours flow ?
How kind ! how potent thy supplies,
Which balance my infirmities !

Which strengthen me, a feeble worm,
 To bear the burden, stand the storm
 Of trials, and hard pressing woes !
 By Thee, I triumph o'er my foes,
 The world, my lusts, the pow'rs of hell.
 By Thee, I am instructed well
 In dear religion's pleasant ways.
 By Thee, I vent my heart in praise :
 By Thee, with humble zealous care
 My task I ply : with me, in pray'r
 Thou interceed'st, with mighty moans,
 With secret, sympathizing groans,
 Which tho' I can't express, attentive heav'n does
 hear.

Yea, by sure signs, in me reveal'd,
 Methinks, I dare be bold to say,
 That, by thy grace divine, I'm seal'd
 To the complete redemption-day.
 Mean while, my guide, to Thee resign'd,
 With humble and obsequious mind,
 Whate'er thou bid'st I'll willing do,
 Where'er thou lead'st, I cheerful go,

Till, at the end of life's laborious path,
I smiling meet approaching death:
And then, my GOD, in transports lost,
Midst a detachment of the heav'nly host,
With speed, my soul, her flight, to heav'n shall wing,
Where Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
She ever shall behold, and ever, ever sing!:



The Advantage of a good Conscience.

How sweet's the comfort of a conscience clear,
Both from the guilt of sin, and from the fear!
What solemn joys o'erflow the good man's breast,
Whose heart does its own innocence attest!
Tho' earth and hell their utmost fury join,
His fix'd tranquillity to undermine:
Tho' reeling nature threaten to disband,
And universal ruin seem at hand;
Yet he, whose GOD, and conscience him befriend,
Can stand, or fall, with an unshaken mind.

Oh,

Oh, for a heart with such assurance blest,
With such establish'd, solemn peace possest !
Riches, and pow'r, and grandure so esteem'd,
Unworthy are, once, with it, to be nam'd.
These are attended with a load of cares,
And, many times, more cause, than cure our fears :
But innocence exalts a man on' high,
Like the bright luminaries of the sky,
Which undisturb'd their radiant journies go,
And scorn the blasts which fright the world below.
Oh, innocence, thou dear, thou heav'nly guest,
Thou guardian angel of the good man's breast !
Fill'd with thy joys, aloft he bears his head,
And seems on paradisial ground to tread :
His look, his mien, his whole behaviour tells
How much of heav'n within his bosom dwells.
If angels, our apostate race to mend,
By mission, should to live on earth descend,
Such would their life, such their condition be
For innocence, and for felicity :
For such, on earth, was seen the Son of GOD,
When he 'mongst mortals had his short abode.

Enoch



Enoch walked with God, Gen. v. 24.

ENOCH, the heav'nly *Enoch* walks with GOD,

A single passenger in virtue's road.

When all mankind had left the narrow path,

And chose to throng the downward way to death,

He, wond'rous good man! for religion stood,

And dar'd alone t' oppose the impious crowd.

And surely to be good, in evil times,

With equal virtues ballancing the crimes

Of the profane and lawless rout, displays

Heroick worth, and claims immortal praise.

Enoch, religion's credit to retrieve,

Whilst in the world, above the world did live,

The true sublime of pious living reach'd;

From heav'n his maxims, and his motives fetch'd;

Familiar with his GOD, so like him grew;

So well, the work of angels learn'd to do,

That fully ripe for heav'n (a finish'd saint)

Thither, he deathless, soul and body, went.



Heavenly-Mindedness.

O Happy he whose mind exalted high
 Above the passing scenes of vanity
 Which dazzle weak and earthly minds, employs
 His thoughts in the pursuit of heav'nly joys.
 Who, conscious of his soul's immortal pow'rs,
 On wings of contemplation upward tow'r's ;
 Surveys the glories of the heav'nly state,
 And sees that to be there, is to be great.
 Who lives, by faith, in heav'n as his abode ;
 Maintains delightful converse with his GOD ;
 And when, at times, he down to earth does come,
 Short visits makes, as one that hastens home.
 Who, soon as light, at morn, salutes his eyes,
 Darts his devoutest thoughts above the skies :
 His early homage to his Maker pays,
 And glads his soul with fresh imbibed rays.
 Who, wheresoe'er he is, whate'er he does,
 All day, the same exalted life pursues :

Alone, in company, at home, abroad,
More, or less busy'd, knows the secret road,
By which, to heav'n his soul has free ascent;
A mortal angel, or angelick saint.
Who, e'er soft slumbers shut his eyes at night;
With pleasure ranges o'er the realms of light;
And leaves his heart amidst the heav'ly quires,
Where, when he wakes, to find it he desires.
But ah! of all mankind, how very few
Are to be found who such a life pursue?
Attach'd to earth almost all humane race
Its poor enjoyments eagerly embrace:
To purchase trifles that may please them now,
Cheaply they an immortal heav'n forego.
But, O my GOD, determine thou my heart
To act a wiser, and a better part.
May the spiritual life still be my care:
Tow'rds thee my GOD, and CHRIST my Savi-
our dear,
May my affections daily wing their way,
Till dying, thus, I shall be heard to say,

“ I travel not, now, in an unknown road ;
 “ This is the path which oft, before, I’ve trode :
 “ I go to GOD, to JESUS ! I go home :
 “ The welcome, long expected hour is come..



The Death of the Righteous.

PANTING the good *Theophilus* did ly,
 Long time prepar’d, and willing now to dy ;
 When, with a heav’ly brightness in his face,
 The silent triumph of his finish’d race,
 He to his mourning friends his speech address’d,
 And thus disclos’d the raptures of his breast,
 “ Kind, but mistaken, — grieve no more for me,
 “ Nor mourn the day, which I rejoice to see.
 “ Can you remaining on the shore bewail,
 “ That to a crown, tho’ leaving you, I fail ?
 “ Should tears unseemly cloud one’s nuptial day,
 “ Because the bridegroom takes his bride away ?

" Is this your kindness? — would to GOD ye knew
" What glorious scenes now open to my view!
" Immanuel's fair land, by its own light
" Discover'd, nor far distant, charms my sight.
" Thither to wing her flight my soul prepares:
" Farewel all earthly joys, all earthly cares;
" Farewel my friends, nor grudge that now we part,
" Immortal pleasures rush into my heart!
" I sink, I faint beneath the blissful load!
" I dy, like *Moses*, by the * kiss of GOD!
" Dear Saviour, if such pledges now are giv'n,
" Oh! what shall be my everlasting heav'n."



A Death-bed Ejaculation.

BEYOND mortality, my faith
Descries a glorious scene,
Where, ever new, and rapt'reous joys
My soul shall entertain.

A

* 'Tis a saying of the Jews on Deut. xxxiv. 5. that
Moses died by the kiss of God.

A deep, and rapid stream divides :
 Death is the name it bears ;
 But o'er it, **CHRIST** has laid a bridge
 For heav'nly passengers.

Oh glorious city of my **GOD**,
 Which stands on yonder shore !
 My heart within me leaps for joy
 To think of passing o'er.

O'er to the new *Jerusalem*,
 Where I with **CHRIST** may dwell ;
 And ever hear his own dear lips,
 His own dear story tell.

Where, in his presence, I shall find
 The heav'n that I desire ;
 And the sweet glories of his face
 Eternally admire.

Come welcome death, dissolve the bands,
 That hold me, here, from home.
 Come angels, come celestial guard,
 Come **JESUS**, quickly come.

F. I. N. I. S.

